

The Listener

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A Gurkha soldier from Nepal (see page 961)

In this number:

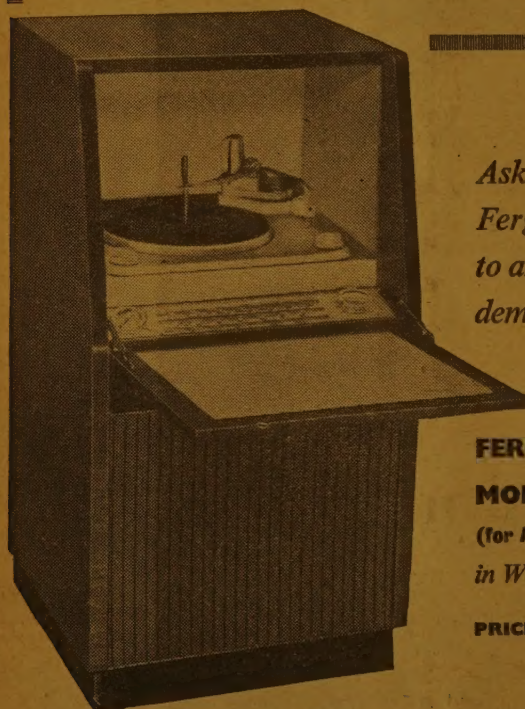
The Ruling Class in Russia (Hugh Seton-Watson)
Lord Lugard: African Pro-Consul (Margery Perham)
Wyndham Lewis' 'The Human Age' (Graham Hough)

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JUNE

THE OLD CHERRY-PICKER

The ripe cherries of June remind us of our absolutely favourite person in English and Irish history. Katherine Fitzgerald, Countess of Desmond, was born 1464 and died 1604. (There are spoil-sports who dispute that date of birth, and say the old Countess was a mere 104 when she died. We are less niggardly, and insist on 140.) But it is not her great age alone that puts the Countess at the top of our list of favourites. The fact is that, at the age of 90, she broke her leg falling out of a cherry-tree. We have never found record of anybody else falling out of a cherry-tree at the age of 90. We are sorry for Katherine Fitzgerald. It must have been painful. But what was she *doing* up a cherry-tree at the age of 90? History does not in fact relate. Perhaps she had gone up to fix a hammock, so that she could snooze in the sun. She may have been trying to rescue a stranded and yiauling kitten. But we prefer to think that she was picking, or trying to pick, some particularly juicy-looking cluster from a tree when her grumpy young (say about 75) gardener wasn't looking.



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The Listener

Vol. LIII. No. 1370

Thursday June 2 1955

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The Ruling Class in Russia

By HUGH SETON-WATSON

ONE thing which seems to have struck a great many visitors to the Soviet Union in recent years is the curiously Victorian flavour of Soviet society and Soviet people. This takes several forms. There is the very respectable way Soviet citizens behave, and speak, and even dress. There is the puritanical code of private life which at least they outwardly profess. Then the pompous architecture, the palaces of public authority, full of columns and knick-knacks, the equivalent of the horrors which sprang up in British industrial cities in the middle of last century. The particular style is different: Soviet buildings are neo-classical; St. Pancras station is neo-Flemish Gothic. But the effect is similar: both are very *neo*. Or take the official preference of the Soviet arbiters of taste for nice, catchy tunes. No new-fangled nonsense, or, to use the Soviet phrase, 'bourgeois formalism'.

Coming to more serious matters, the interpretation by official Soviet historians of Russia's nineteenth-century military conquests in Asia is rather revealing. The first communist historians praised the struggle of the north Caucasian mountaineers and of the central Asian Kazakhs against the armies of the nineteenth-century Tsar Nicholas I. These were 'national liberation movements' against 'imperialism'. But in recent years these events have been reinterpreted. The former heroes of liberty have become reactionary mullahs and agents of British or Turkish imperialism. The conquests of the Caucasus and the Kirgiz steppes by the Tsar's generals were victories of Progress. They expedited the social development of these peoples, helped them forward on the road from feudalism to capitalism. They also brought them into contact with the superior culture of the great Russian people. These views are expressed in Marxist-Leninist jargon, but it seems to me they reflect the same attitude of mind that you find in President McKinley of the United States, who, after beating the Spaniards in

1898, decided to annex the Philippines. 'There was nothing left for us to do', the President said afterwards, 'but to take them all and to educate the Filipinos and uplift and Christianise them'. Or think of all the talk in Britain about the 'white man's burden', and in France about the '*mission civilisatrice*'.

It has often been pointed out, and not only by marxists, that all this dreary puritanism, and tasteless pomposity, and imperialist moralising, which flourished in Europe and North America at the turn of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, were connected with the rise to political power of the industrial bourgeoisie. Does this suggest that a new bourgeois ruling class is being formed in the Soviet Union? According to marxist doctrine, political power is determined by economic power. Those who govern a state do so on behalf of those who control the means of production. In a non-socialist industrialised society, the government is the executive committee of the bourgeoisie. The capitalists are the real rulers. In semi-industrialised societies, the ruling class will be some sort of a mixture of capitalists, merchants, and landowners. But in a socialist society, all the means of production have been nationalised, no profit-seeking capitalists are left, and economic power is in the hands of the workers and peasants. Those who govern, do so on their behalf. There can be no separate ruling class, distinct from the toiling masses.

So much for pure doctrine. But the doctrine is so obviously at variance with the facts of Soviet life that even the Soviet leaders have had to find a more sophisticated formula. Stalin himself said that there were only two classes in the Soviet Union, not antagonistic but fraternal classes, the workers and the peasants, but he also spoke of a third group, not a separate class, but what he called a 'class stratum'—and he called it the 'toiling intelligentsia'. It is clear from official statements that this consists of all who are not manual workers. In 1937 they

numbered nearly 10,000,000, in 1945 nearly 12,000,000, at the present day about 15,000,000—with their dependents perhaps 30,000,000—out of a total population of about 210,000,000.

But this is an extremely heterogeneous group. About half of it consists of clerks of various kinds, humble and poorly paid white-collar workers. At a higher level come the officers of the armed forces, the medium government officials, the school teachers, the engineers and technicians, and various other categories which in the west would come under the heading of 'the free professions'. Most of these people have a standard of living only slightly, if at all, superior to that of the most skilled industrial workers. In purely economic terms they are a middle class. Finally, we have the highest level in Soviet society, a few hundred thousand senior government officials, the generals and admirals, the party and trade union bosses, the managers of factories, mines, and state farms, and the leading scientists and writers. These people enjoy a far higher standard of living than the masses. Some members of the decorative aristocracy of court poets, ballerinas, and so on, are wealthy even by American standards. The party politicians and managers have less material wealth but possess enormous power.

Extra-legal Activities

It is customary nowadays to speak of a Soviet managerial class. Of course those who run Soviet industry perform managerial functions. But there are other aspects of their jobs. The element of private profit plays some part, in the form of various bonuses and the Director's Fund, which increases in proportion to the income of the enterprise and which can be used, within certain limits, for the personal satisfaction of the factory director; and private enterprise plays its part, too. The director has to fulfil his plan target in spite of shortages of raw materials and machinery and skilled labour force. This compels him to engage in illegal barter trade, hoarding of stocks, falsification of returns, bribery of workers, and lobbying in central and provincial offices of the party and the government departments. These extra-legal activities call for a rugged individualism worthy of the great pioneers of nineteenth-century western capitalism. They have even created a demand for a special profession of full-time lobbyists—contact men who work for various enterprises on a commission basis—the Soviet equivalent of a type that has often cropped up in public scandals in western Europe and America.

So much for the elements which compose the ruling group. But how does one get into it? Here we come to the problem of education. After the victory of the Bolsheviks, careers were opened to talent on a vast scale, and the number of schools and universities has constantly grown. There were, of course, obvious geographical limitations. A boy living in Moscow clearly had a better start in life than the son of an Uzbek cotton-grower in central Asia. This was not the Government's fault, but it was a fact none the less. But in 1940 deliberate government action reversed the trend of the previous twenty years. Fees were introduced for tuition at universities and in the top three classes of secondary schools. Outstanding children continued to receive scholarships at the university, but there were no scholarships at secondary schools. The less well paid factory workers, and the vast majority of peasants, are unable to give their children the best education. Highly skilled workers, bureaucrats, managers, and professional people are favoured. A hereditary element has begun to enter into the formation of the Soviet ruling class.

It is the Government's proclaimed intention to introduce universal secondary education during the nineteen-sixties, but there is no talk of abolishing fees. It looks as if a double system of secondary schools will in fact arise—those which prepare children for higher education for a fee, and technical and trade schools, with low fees or none at all, designed to produce skilled workers and technicians. The first type of school will in practice be largely reserved, as it is today, for children of the 'toiling intelligentsia', with a sprinkling of brilliant pupils of more humble origin. The second type will be a continuation of the Labour Reserve schools, which provide technical training for children of both sexes, partly volunteers and partly conscripted.

The emergence of these problems—of contrasting standards of living, of managerial and entrepreneurial functions, of different opportunities of education, of social mobility—show that Soviet society, which its spokesmen entitle 'socialist', is affected by problems which were once thought to exist only in what they call 'the capitalist world'. It also suggests that it might be well to re-examine and re-interpret the history of industrial Europe, and in particular the connections and the distinctions between bourgeoisies, capitalism, and industrial revolutions. British capitalists in the early nineteenth century could tyrannise their

workers because there was no counter-force to check their power. Yet the workers had built their own trade unions, and parliament paid attention to the workers' wishes, and finally the workers sent their representatives to parliament, the boss lost most of his power. In the Soviet Union the factory director cannot be challenged from below. The Soviet trade unions represent not the workers but the boss. The factory director can be removed only from above, by the leaders of the Communist Party. The party leaders are the people who plan and direct the whole industrialisation policy. They are the super-bosses of industry. Against them there is no appeal. The workers are at the mercy. As output increases the workers' pay gets better. So it did in capitalism in the west. Neither the Soviet bosses today nor the capitalist bosses of the past exploit the workers just for the fun of it. But the point is that the Soviet workers' standard of living improves by favour of the all-powerful boss, not as a result of pressure by the workers. The Soviet boss is in the same relationship to his workers as the British boss of 1830, not the British boss of 1955. The Soviet boss differs from the old-time British boss in that he works not for profit but for a state salary. He resembles him in that he has absolute power over his workmen. The resemblance is more important than the difference.

Soviet experience shows not only that you can have exploited workers without having private ownership of industry: it shows also that you can have bourgeois values without having private enterprise. One may say that the ruling group in the Soviet Union are not a private bourgeoisie but a state bourgeoisie. I have spoken of Victorian asps of Soviet society. But the Soviet Union is very unlike Victorian Britain. In Britain, political power, economic power, and influence over art and literature were not concentrated in the same hands. If a committed Victorian businessman had been able to dictate what literature, and music were to be produced in England, we might well have had *Zhdanovshchina* in the days of Prince Albert. But they had no such powers. Moreover, standards of taste had survived into a Victorian Britain from an earlier pre-industrial age.

(continued on page 974)

SUMMER BOOK NUMBER

THE LISTENER next week will include reviews of the following books:

- Italian Gothic Sculpture. By John Pope-Hennessy
Reviewed by L. D. Ettling
- The Private Diaries of Stendhal. Edited by Robert Sage
Reviewed by H. G. Whiteman
- The Holstein Memoirs. Edited by Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher
Reviewed by James Joyce
- Literary and Philosophical Essays. By Jean-Paul Sartre
Reviewed by Sir Herbert Read
- The Englishman. A Political Journal by Richard Steele
Edited by Rae Blanchard
Reviewed by James Sutherland
- The Day Lincoln Was Shot. By Jim Bishop
Reviewed by Marcus Cunliffe
- The Narrow Smile. By Peter Mayne
Reviewed by Sir Malcolm Darling
- The Poetry of Crabbe. By Lilian Haddakin
Reviewed by E. M. Forster
- Symbolic Wounds: Puberty Rites and the Envious Male
By Bruno Bettelheim
Reviewed by Geoffrey Gorer

and reviews of other new books

The Landlocked Kingdom in the Himalayas

TAYA ZINKIN on the future of Nepal

ANAPURNA, K-2, Mount Everest: Nepal is the country of the world's greatest mountains. And it is the homeland of those famous soldiers, the Gurkhas. It has 8,000,000 people and is as big as England—bigger, perhaps, than one tends to think. A few weeks ago the King of Nepal died in Zurich, and what the new King is able to do with his country is of great importance to all of us, because for nearly a thousand miles Nepal provides the border between democratic India and Communist China.

The new King starts with a difficult heritage. In 1950-51, Nepal had a revolution, directed against the oppressive rule of the Ranas. The Ranas were the family of the hereditary Prime Ministers, and they were, until 1950, the real rulers of Nepal. Their history goes back to 1846 when Shamshere Jang Bahadur Rana, the King's Commander-in-Chief, usurped power, and gave himself the title of Maharajah. The King remained so much a prisoner in his palace that he was allowed out only on certain religious occasions where his presence was indispensable. The Nepalese are a very religious people, and the King of Nepal has a special position in the eyes of his subjects: he is the living incarnation of the God Vishnu.

The Ranas owned Nepal much as the French Kings owned France before the fall of the Bastille. Power was delegated to officials who were recruited from relatives of the Ranas. Trade was organised into monopolies and the monopoly rights were sold for a lump sum. Taxes were levied mainly in the form of customs duties and forced labour. Naturally, the Ranas made a great deal of money out of Nepal. Theirs was the customs revenue, theirs the profits from the rice export to India, theirs the capitation fee on Gurkhas for the Indian Army; and they rack rented their tenants ruthlessly. Each year the Rana Prime Minister harvested £1,500,000 for himself, spent £50,000 on the country and gave the King £75,000 for pin-money. But the King was so much of a prisoner that he could not spend what he was given and, except for some jewels for his concubines, he kept the money in high denomination notes. Every year the lesser Ranas made a good deal of money, too; they invested some of the money, but they always invested abroad. When they bought shares they were Indian shares; they own large areas of property in the big Indian cities; and they have considerable holdings in Europe and the United States. But only the smallest of trickles was invested by them in Nepal on such items as palaces for themselves and drinking taps for the people. This, indeed, was the fatal mistake that cost them their power. When their rule was challenged, there was no middle class to support them, no army to defend them, no roads along which to flee. The only exit was by air, from an emergency landing-strip. The villagers they had oppressed remained as indifferent to their fall as they had been to their extortions.

But if the population was so indifferent, you may well wonder why there was a revolution at all. Nepal is landlocked in the Himalayas: no foreigners were allowed into the country: less than three per cent. of the population can read: and except for the Gurkhas, who are too disciplined to revolt against anybody, and the Ranas themselves, few Nepalese had ever been abroad. What was it, then, that brought about the revolution?

Despite its backwardness, Nepal had a core of people with modern ideas, educated in missions and in Indian universities, who looked to India's progress and freedom of speech with envy. And Nepal, you must remember, was never sealed off from India. The Terai, that vast plain of the Ganges which lies at the foothills of the Himalayas, is common both to India and Nepal and there are no customs, so that people travel freely to and fro. Nepal and India have the same religion, too, so that intermarriage is frequent. Another thing—in Kathmandu, Nepal's capital, people listen to Radio Delhi and those who can read read *The Times of India*. The radio, the press, travellers,



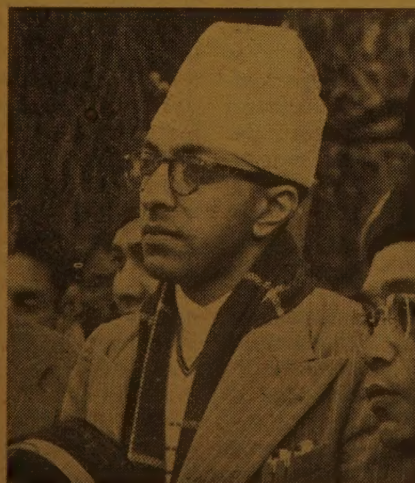
Kathmandu, capital of Nepal, from the Dharara

all combined to bring into Kathmandu news of elections, land reforms, community projects, five-year plans and the transformation of India's backward rural economy, and of the great revolution in China. Many Asians still think of the Chinese revolution as nationalist first and communist only second, and when this revolution reached Tibet it came close to Nepal indeed. The whole of Asia seemed on the move. Nepal alone could not remain petrified in the past.

Because the Nepal Indian border is in the flat plains of the Ganges, what happens in Nepal is of the utmost importance to India. India cannot afford to let either communism or chaos overtake a neighbour with whom she has such a long, ill-defined border which is so difficult to protect. That is why Mr. Nehru countered the Chinese invasion of Tibet by giving Nepal a guarantee of her Tibetan border—which runs along the high Himalayas—and told the Government in Peking that an attack on Nepal would be considered by India as aggression on India herself. That is also why, when the revolution occurred, India recognised the King of Nepal, who had fled to Delhi from Rana persecution, as the head of the state, and gave moral assistance to the rebels. Indeed, to a considerable extent, the rebels used India as their base. By recognising the King, India was obtaining the support of the Gurkhas—the King belongs to one of the Gurkha tribes—and obtaining the support, too, of all those other hill-tribes who worship in the King Vishnu, their God.

By giving moral support to the rebels, India ensured that they would not look to Peking for help. What India could not do was to back the Rana regime—it was too corrupt, and it had not enough support. But despite this Indian support the revolution in Nepal created considerable frictions between the Nepalese and the Indians. It is true that objections came actually only from the people of the valley, nine miles wide by fifteen miles long, in which the capital lies. But politically no one else counts. The rest of the country is too backward or too remote to have views.

Fortunately for Nepal's freedom, if the people do not like Indians, whom they consider outsiders, they like the Tibetans even less, for they are real foreigners. India's guarantee rules out invasion from Tibet; and the chances of subversions are slim for the Tibetans, and the Chinese are racially, religiously, linguistically, physically even, very different from the Nepalese. It is impossible to say that



The King of Nepal

there can never be a communist revolution in Nepal, and if there were it would be based on India, not on China. But the chances of such a revolution are small: the country is so backward, so compartmented, the people are satisfied with so little, and they are so disciplined. China, however, appears to think there may be a chance. It is giving asylum to Dr. K. I. Singh, a homeopath who had lived in India for years, and who fled from Nepal two years ago after he failed to capture power in an abortive revolution.

After her relations with her immediate neighbours, China and India, Nepal is concerned with her relations with Britain. These have always been most cordial, and there is no reason to assume this will change. There are more than 10,000 Gurkhas in the British Army; they are now being trained not in India but in Nepal, at Biretnagar. There should be no objection to these Gurkhas continuing to come. India herself takes 25,000, which is as many as she can absorb, and she does not wish to make Nepal's poverty worse by trying to stop the Gurkhas from earning their livelihood abroad.

But let us go back to conditions in Nepal, as they have developed since the revolution four years ago. Before the revolution, there was medievalism. The revolution did not bring democracy or progress; it brought chaos. Things have gone from bad to worse; as indeed could be expected in the absence of an administration, a police, a budget, industries, schools, communications, even an army. Except for a few men officered by Ranas who had received no real training, there was nothing at all. Two years ago Delhi sent a working military mission to train the Nepalese army. This mission has worked wonders. There are barracks, now, and muster rolls and uniforms and pay and drill and a cadre of officers who have qualifications other than birth. In fact, there

is now an army of 6,000 men on which the King can rely, as his predecessors, the Ranas, could not. Unfortunately, except for the army, everything else has gone wrong. The police has been manned by soldiers of the revolution; largely riff-raff from Calcutta. They receive a rifle but no pay and no uniform. For the first time in years there are thefts and murders in the peaceful valley of Kathmandu, and administration, which was never efficient, has become even worse than that is possible. India tried to advise Nepal on administration, but failed so far; its advisory mission is systematically ignored.

Communications are another of the bottlenecks which have been tightened by the revolution. What little road there was used to be repaired under the Ranas regime by forced labour; now it is a burden to Indian goodwill. The Indian army is building a new road from the capital to near the Indian border, over eighty miles of mountainous country, and soon three-ton lorries will be able to take goods to Kathmandu, but at present one must either fly or walk. The revolution has failed, however, not only because of the administrative deterioration but also because the politicians began to quarrel so much that for the last 150 years, people of the valley of Kathmandu there were as many as sixty-nineteen splinter parties. Something has to be done. The great hope for Nepal is that the new King may be able to do it. He begins with advantages his late father lacked. He is not indebted to India; therefore he can afford to take more notice of Indian advice. He is reported to be a hard-working man and hard-working. He has announced land reforms and imposed an income tax. He may well restore to Nepal its internal peace, and with India's help usher in a new prosperity, for always he has to help his one simple fact: he is the God Vishnu, and Vishnu can do no wrong.

—Home Service

Economics as an Applied Science

The second of two talks by JOHN BUCKATZSCH

IN the first of these talks* I showed that contemporary applied economics was doing some of the things that an applied science of economics would be expected to do. In particular it has been fairly successful in providing much more complete information about the actual working of the economy than was available fifteen or twenty years ago. In general, applied economics has shown a preoccupation for prominent measurement in economics and something like the historical and empirical approach which any applied science of economics would necessarily tend to adopt.

But the main question remains. How far is applied economics able to forecast the behaviour of the economy or its response to alternative economic promises, such as the devaluation of sterling and its effect on British exports and imports? The answer might be that its predictive power is still very limited. Some economists would say that this proves, if any proof by demonstration were needed, that the creation of an applied science of economics is impossible in principle. It seems to me rather that it shows the extreme practical difficulty of the process, and it certainly suggests also some of the probably inescapable limitations of any applied economics that may ultimately emerge.

As I said earlier, the ability to predict the response of one part of the economy to changes made in another part, depends on a knowledge of a causal connection between the various parts of the system. By assuming certain rather simple economic motives, such as the pursuit of maximum profits, academic and analytical economics was able to deduce the direction of some of these connections and responses. It was able to show that when prices and costs varied in some given way, the producer would respond by producing more rather than less, and so on.

But this sort of analysis has proved to have little real predictive power in relation to the real world; the fact remains that applied economics has not yet succeeded in making many unambiguous and generally acceptable predictions, which means that it has not yet succeeded in detecting and measuring adequately many of the causal connections of the economy. To do this is obviously a matter of great inherent difficulties. But it turns out that the difficulties are perhaps not those that would immediately occur to the outsider. It might be supposed, for example, that the attempt to deduce such causal connections—in other words, to describe and understand the structure of the economy—would

necessarily fail because there is no such thing: because, in fact, an economic system is essentially unlike the system studied by the natural sciences. Because it consists of human beings, each able to behave in an unpredictable way, it might be argued that the system, as a whole, would be unpredictable in its behaviour.

Up to a point this is true. Many major decisions on economic policy are taken by individuals: governments, or heads of governments, may decide to buy great quantities of raw materials for strategic reasons, or to make war, and so on. Such decisions are clearly not predictable in the ordinary sense, though one may have a feeling that one of them is likely to be taken. Again, the economic system differs from many systems studied by the natural sciences, in that it is subject to evolutionary and irreversible changes. Next, kinds of commodities appear, the motor-car, the wireless set, nylon, and so on—and new methods of making old materials are introduced. Yesterday's luxuries become today's necessities, and last year's industrial area is next year's growth belt. This is, at any rate, poetically true. But again the rate at which such changes occur is easily exaggerated; in fact, it generally turns out that habits are relatively slow to form and to break, and industrial revolutions are less hectic at the time than they look a century later.

There are many indications that those saving and spending habits, for example, are disturbed by war conditions; they tend to react to themselves rather unexpectedly rapidly afterwards; in other words, the main difficulty confronting the economist, when he tries to detect and measure the causal structure of the economy, is not that the system has not got such a causal structure. It is, however, true that the results of the economist's investigation might remain valid only for definite and limited periods of time. After any such period, it might be five years or ten years or so, the original estimate might well have become inadequate. In practice, no doubt, this really means that a continuous watch would have to be kept on the working of the economy, and that estimates of the various causal connections would be continuously revised. One can imagine something like this happening in a rapidly ageing steam-engine. The estimated pressure of a given head of steam would have to be revised if a boiler got more and more leaky and more and more thickly furred inside.

What, then, are the difficulties that make it so peculiarly hard

* Printed in THE LISTENER of May 26; both talks were recorded by Dr. Buckatzsch shortly before his death last August

to detect and measure causal connections in the economic system? Why, in other words, is it so difficult to predict the effects on one part of the economy of changes in other parts? Reflection shows that there are actually three types of prediction that might be made, each depending on a different kind of information about the economy. In the first place, it is obvious that the behaviour of the economy as a whole is subject to a number of restrictions. Some of these are of a very general kind. For example, it is obvious that every man's spending is another man's income, that every man's income is either spent or saved. From these elementary considerations, we can derive certain so-called accounting identities which express the equality of certain sums of money or flows of money in the economy with other flows in the economy. These identities are, so to speak, always true: not only is that a historical fact about last year or the year before but about next year as well. Consequently, they can be used for a certain type of prediction; they can be and are, in fact, used in the design of budgets intended to bring about more or less inflation or deflation. Theoretically speaking, it should be noticed that identities of this kind underlie Keynes' general theory. The important point is that while, from one point of view, these propositions are thought illogical, in the sense that they express the identity of two quantities described by different names, they are not trivial. But it must also be recognised that their scope and value in practice is very limited, for the application presupposes that we already know the side of one of the quantities from some other source.

Economic System a 'Vast Factory'

A second type of prediction which can be made depends on the fact that the basis of the economic system is technological. It is possible, up to a point, to describe the economic system as a vast factory in which raw materials are converted into more useful things. At any given time the rate at which this conversion can take place is fairly definitely fixed: it takes so many tons of coal to make a ton of steel; the average motor-car contains so much steel; and so on. This means that in principle, if we knew what quantities of goods of all kinds would be required next year, we could predict what quantities of semi-finished materials would be required. It turns out that the calculation is not by any means a simple one. If, for example, more houses ought to be built, more bricks, steel, and timber will be needed, but to make the extra bricks and steel more buildings may have to be erected, and more steel will be required to make brick- and steel-making machinery, and so on.

The study of this kind of technological relationship, in the economy, has recently developed into a flourishing branch of applied economics; for want of a more elegant name, it is called 'Input-Output Analysis'. In principle, it will enable us to predict, among other things, the ultimate consequences of changes in the consumption of different kinds of goods and services. This is clearly in principle an important kind of prediction and has far-reaching applications. It also has many limitations. Apart from profound mathematical difficulties, which I cannot go into here, the usefulness of the apparatus clearly depends on knowing what goods are, in fact, going to be asked for. In practice, it is often only the intentions of the Government which, after all, we accurately know. In principle, the apparatus could, however, be used to predict the implications of the Government's purchasing programme, which is, of course, likely nowadays to be very large.

The fairly slowly changing technological basis of the economy, therefore, makes it possible to make certain predictions about the behaviour of the economy in the future. There remains, however, a third type of causal relation which has to be elucidated and measured; I mean such relations as those between changes in the prices of commodities and changes in the amount people buy, or between changes in the sterling exchange rate and changes in the value and volume of British imports and exports and so on. Knowledge of their behaviour in this sense is obviously of crucial importance to the economist in trying to predict the response of the economy to alternative economic policies, and its behaviour in the absence of any policy. It is, however, extremely difficult to acquire this kind of information; it cannot be said that applied economics has yet been very successful in this direction. It is true to say that none of the results of the attempts so far made to measure causal relations of this kind is generally accepted. As is historically true of the economy of the time to which they refer, all this work is, in fact, experimental.

The main difficulty from the scientific point of view is to observe the behaviour of the system in a suitable way. Generally speaking, workers in the natural sciences acquire knowledge of the causal connections between different parts of the system they study by making

suitable experiments. These experiments are, in the last resort, opportunities for observing the system under conditions which make it possible to derive the required information about it. The difficulty of making suitable observation of the behaviour of the economic system is, in fact, often described by saying that the economist cannot make experiments, or that there are no experiments in economics.

This is really only half true. Experiments are made not usually by economists but by people like industrialists, trade union leaders, and Chancellors of the Exchequer, on the very largest scale. The operations of all these people cause the behaviour of the economy to change in a way that, in principle, might lead to an understanding of its structure. They show us, for example, an economy with high taxation or one with low taxation, with full employment or partly unemployed, with rising or stable prices, and so on—just as physical experiments may show us an electrical circuit carrying large or small currents at high or low temperatures, and so on. The difficulty is that these experiments in economics, unlike those made in the natural sciences, do not usually turn up information which is trustworthy, relevant, and easily interpreted. The reason is that the experiments made by the industrialists, when they decide to produce more or less, or by the Chancellor when he raises or lowers taxation, are essentially different from those made in the natural sciences.

As far as I know, these are of two kinds. In the first, the classical experiment, the effect on the system of changing one of its elements is studied while keeping the others as nearly constant as possible. In the other, the type of experiment widely used in the biological sciences, the experimenter does not attempt to eliminate the other causes of variations but attempts to obtain simultaneous estimates of their strength. The fundamental condition of the success of the first type of experiment is the ability of the experimenter to vary one fact at a time; while the second type of experiment depends on his ability to randomise the incidents of the various factors that are at work. It is the difficulty of fulfilling either of these conditions that constitutes the half truth of the saying that there are no experiments in economics.

In practice, the economic system does not generally change one fact at a time. For example, in the past the price of imports has tended to rise and fall at the same time as the national income; in other words, an experiment of the classical kind to determine the independent effects of a given rise in the national income on the amount of imported commodities brought into England is rarely performed. At the same time, the observations in this massive, if muddled, experiment are presented in a definite order to the economist. You cannot, in any meaningful sense randomise them. This means that methods designed to deal with randomised data may not really apply to economists' observations. In short, the economic system cannot be expected to throw up the kind of information the economist needs in his study of the economy.

Need for New Techniques

What does this imply about the future of economics and applied science? I do not think it means that there is no future; it means, rather, that for some time to come the economist will have to spend a great deal of time in experimenting in order to invent methods of dealing with the peculiar data of which his observations consist. I suspect that many of the objections currently brought against the use of classical methods of treating the data may prove to have been overstated; the important thing is that the applied economics should develop techniques appropriate to itself. In particular, it must be recognised that great accuracy is less important than sound knowledge of the kind and direction of the errors to be expected in its results. And generality is less important than operational usefulness.

It would be most unfortunate if realisation of the formal difficulties of doing what applied economics is trying to do produced an attitude of annihilation about the whole thing. On the practical level, the whole trend of events is in the direction of quantities of study of any system where the basic decisions are to be made concerning that system, and away from the idea that inspired intuition is enough. If we want orderly economic development, freedom from both unemployment and cumulative inflation, we must have adequate quantities of information about the structures of the economy. We must, in fact, have an applied economics.

On the scientific level, it seems clear that academic economics, with its sharp divorce of observation and analysis, was already coming to a dead end in the nineteen-thirties. I think it is not unduly optimistic to see in contemporary applied economics the possibility of an escape for economics from its damning inheritance.—*Third Programme*

African Pro-Consul

MARGERY PERHAM on Lord Lugard

A NEW word has come to the surface lately in international affairs: 'colonialism'. It is a word of abuse, but it is one which is used very inexactly to describe not only true colonisation but almost any kind of domination, so long, that is, as it is by western powers who are—or perhaps we should say were until the Bandung Conference—always the villains in this historical play. This word of condemnation is certainly meant to apply to Britain's position in Africa. It thus reinforces, though much more vaguely, the Marxist analysis of economic imperialism. It is used by Britain's critics at the United Nations: it is taken up by colonial leaders and repeated by a great many of our own people. Altogether, 'the colonisers' have a pretty bad press today. A few of the critics may admit that they are now making some amends for their past sins. But what sinners—it surely follows—those nineteenth-century 'colonisers' must have been who broke in upon great virgin tracts of Africa, appropriated them for their own nations, and built up an alien system of government over them.

I happened to know one such man. I knew him intimately. He was Frederick Lugard, Lord Lugard in later life when I knew him and worked with him. We lived a few miles from each other, and I used to motor over or ride along the Surrey escarpment to his house. It was on the side of Leith Hill, among pines, beeches, and azaleas. I would find him in his study, crammed with books and files. A worn gazelle skin before the fire; a record elephant tusk over the door; an affectionately signed photograph from Joseph Chamberlain on the wall. He would spring—yes, even at eighty, he would spring—to his feet from his crowded desk, glowing with welcoming courtesy. He was a man rather below average height, taut, lean, with very right-angled shoulders. He made the *cliché* 'every inch a soldier' come instantly to life. He died in 1945, and I am now writing his biography at his own request. It is a long one, for his was a very long life. It spanned a great distance, too, in the history of imperialism from the period of African acquisition, through the period of paternal rule, and right into the beginnings of what might be called de-imperialisation.

Prime Sample of an Imperialist

I think that for those who are not wholly given over to a mechanistic interpretation of history, some evidence is to be gained by taking, as it were, a prime sample of an imperialist from the classic age of expansion, and asking what he thought he was doing and why he did it. But before I can begin to talk about Lugard's character and ideas, I must give you his career in briefest chronology. For there are no modern historical figures so misty as the lately dead.

He was born in India in 1857, the year of the great mutiny. His parents' families had bred soldiers and clergy. They themselves were earnest missionaries of intense evangelical piety. They bequeathed to him their own strenuous ideals of public service, also the confidence of being a gentleman (a pride men then acknowledged), and poverty. This was a combination which made a stimulating tonic for youth. The late 'seventies and early 'eighties saw him as a young infantry officer. He was rushed hither and thither about the Far and Middle East—India, Afghanistan, Burma, the Sudan. He was always on the edge of waves of British policy: ebbing and flowing with the advances of Disraeli or the retreats of Gladstone. Lugard, in fact, was soon well on the way to being a conventionally successful soldier. Then this straight road forward was suddenly broken by an emotional earthquake. Lugard had appeared to be no more than a first-rate, pig-sticking, pony-racing subaltern, dead keen on his work, slaving at his language exams and efficiency tests, certainly a *pukka sahib*, and yet one who scorned the tiffin-parties and the fishing fleet handled by Mrs. Hauksbee and those other ladies of the station, who have been caught for ever by Kipling in his *Plain Tales*. Lugard had loved and lost all too early a splendid mother. His childhood and boyhood had not been wholly happy, and had left him with a thirst for affection which was as strong as everything else about him. It so happened that just as he was thoroughly undermined by the strain and fever of the Burma war,

he experienced a desperately unhappy love-affair. The result was important not only for Lugard but for Africa. In a mood of dejection he sailed off, as a deck passenger in a small steamer going down the east coast of Africa. He knew almost nothing about the continent. He chose it as a wild place far away from anything connected with his past. In such a place, since he wanted to die, he could at least expend his life usefully in some great enterprise, such as the struggle against the slave trade.

Unmapped Africa

In this way began ten years of adventures between 1888 and 1898 in an Africa, the great central inner block of which was still, in the late 'eighties, largely unmapped and unoccupied. First, Lugard found his way by native canoe up the Zambesi and Shire rivers and attacked Arab slavers' stockades on Lake Nyasa, and was terribly wounded in the attack. Then he went up through what is now Kenya—but then largely uninhabited wilderness—to Buganda, as the servant of the new Imperial British East Africa Company. He went to try to open up that remote, fascinating country for Britain before Britain was ready for an official policy of expansion. That, his friends believed, was his finest hour. With a handful of porters and soldiers from the company he lived through all the threats and alarms which surrounded his life in camp, on a hill called Kampala, 800 miles from the sea.

A few weeks ago I stood on the site of his camp—it is still preserved as a little grassy knoll—and looked round me at the large city of Kampala sprawling all round it. It is a view which gives plenty of scope for retrospective thought. In Uganda he survived a civil war, he pacified the country, he made a treaty with the Kabaka, and he won upon a great march out to the western lakes and mountains—perhaps the most glorious scenes in Africa—to beat the bounds of his empire by annexation. He endured hardship, exposure, fever, war, ambush, swarms of insects, and charging elephants, and hurried back to England to fight another campaign of a very different kind. This was a battle of words. He fought it in newspapers and journals and political drawing-rooms and Westminster lobbies and on the lecture platforms of all the great cities of England—all this to prevent Gladstone's ministry from abandoning the new colony which he had won. It was said that Gladstone's election agent telegraphed to his chief: 'If you evacuate Uganda we will evacuate Downing Street'.

After this adventure, Lugard went across to the opposite side of Africa, to the bend of the great Niger, to work for the Royal Niger Company, with orders to outwit and out-march the French in unexplored and dangerous country. The next assignment was in the Khamti desert, trying to find gold and diamonds for another company round the disappearing Lake Ngami. By bad luck he struck a year when the great rinderpest killed all the transport oxen needed to take him over the desert and came very near to death by thirst. He suddenly and rather dramatically recalled from the interior of the country by a runner sent by Joseph Chamberlain to fetch him back to organise the West African Frontier Force, and hold the Niger against the French. He did this successfully but up to the very edge of war.

Administering Nigeria

The first day of the new century saw him at last with his heart's desire, an imperial appointment to administer the vast region of north-western Nigeria, most of which had still to be won from the great Muslim emirs. Lugard won it in quick, almost bloodless, little campaigns. Then from the Niger to the Far East to govern Hong Kong. He left it in 1912 the richer for a university which he founded, which he wished to be the bridge between the ancient civilisation of China and the culture of the western world. Finally, he went back to Nigeria commissioned to bring the whole of its divided administrations together under one government. He then spread over the whole the principles of administration he had created earlier in

northern part and carried the country through the strains of the first world war.

I said 'finally', but the word was inaccurate. For Lugard was a man who never retired. For the next twenty-seven years, until a few days before his death in 1945, he worked with hardly a day's holiday. He served on the Mandates Commission and other international bodies. He combined being a nationalist with being an internationalist. He wrote his classic on colonial government, *The Dual Mandate in Tropical Africa*. He encouraged research into African customs and languages; he took part in debates in the House of Lords—an ordeal he found far more alarming than any he had endured in Africa. He kept up a vast correspondence, and he entertained at his Surrey home students, governors, politicians and diplomats, African chiefs and emirs, always trying to spread knowledge of Africa and its problems, and to promote what he regarded as the right policy in dealing with them.

The right policy? What was that? This surely is the main question. Lugard's actions have been listed but his purposes have still to be defined. The first in time, if not in importance, was his desire to win new lands for the Empire. He lived when opinion was beginning to run against the so-called Little Englanders. Their millennium of free-trade and world-peace which seemed to make of empire an expensive superfluity had not come; instead Britain saw great conscript armies marching about across the Channel, protective barriers piling up against her trade, and a scramble beginning for Africa. So the alternative was no longer between Britain taking control over Africans or leaving them to their old freedom—it was between Britain or Germany annexing them, or Britain or Portugal, or Britain or France. And could any Englishman, above all in the 'nineties, have any hesitation over *that* issue! But annexation seemed in a way beneficence as well as a necessity. Lugard saw the poverty and ignorance of Africa, something almost unbelievable when suddenly seen from that other world of the Victorian industrial state. Worse than that: like Livingstone before him, he saw what might have appeared only a rather stagnant black Arcadia being horribly ravaged by the Arab and the internal African slave-trade, and by the wars and raids this trade promoted. Without help, Africa was utterly unable to throw off this new cancer which had succeeded and outlived the old European trade with the West Coast. Lugard never had to argue with himself whether annexation to Britain was a 'good thing': it was to him the only possible good—imperative, urgent. Good for British trade, and indeed for world trade, but equally good for the Africans, that the riches of Africa should be reached and developed. This was the theory of the dual mandate. And that mandate could only be fulfilled amongst the thousands of little warring tribes if they were brought together under civilised government.

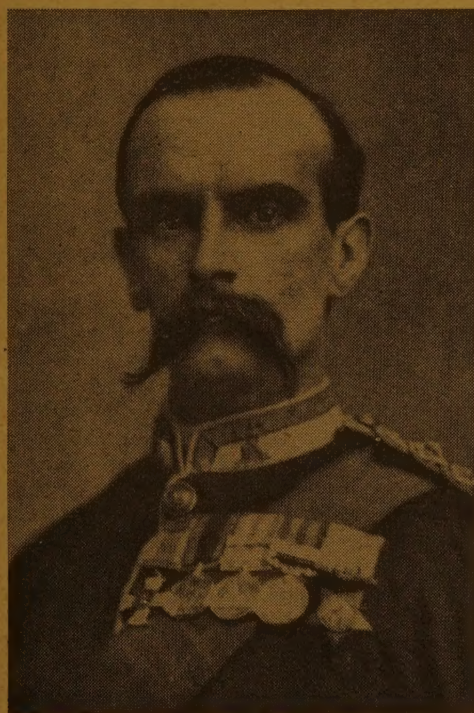
But not any sort of government: preferably British. Not that even the British were perfect. Lugard was no blind patriot. Here came the second strand of his policy—government must be humane and just. Africa was a fierce test for a civilised man; moral restraints often weakened or snapped when men were alone, weary, sick, or in danger. They would resort to the quick and easy argument of violence to persuade or to punish. Here Lugard's training in the nursery and in the army kept him steady. Admittedly, on the march, when the long file of loaded porters wound through the endless bush, and camped in danger at night, Lugard kept an iron discipline, for that often meant the difference between life and death for all of them. This he explained to Harcourt when the old Liberal looked at him with a sort of doctrinaire horror. But Lugard's men were always men to him, never things or pack animals. So that when they set off at dawn on their endless perilous safari into the unknown country, they would start off singing '*Mwaka, mwaka*', which meant 'Years, years'—meaning we will follow you for as long as you like to lead. While Lugard believed in the superiority of his own race, he knew a man when he saw one, whether black or white. He saw the greatness of the chief Khama, Tshekedi Khama's father, at a glance and made friends with him. He was a 'gentleman', was

his comment in his diary, and he could say no more than that.

Lugard's third great characteristic was his demand for knowledge. He knew how difficult it was to understand Africa, its customs and languages. He had a surprising humility for such a positive man. When he was a governor he set his staff to learn African ways and respect their customs, above all their religion. When he retired, he presided over societies which were studying anthropology, language, or history. He had a great respect for the expert—the student. Too much sometimes. How often, indeed, have I been humbled by his deferring to me, making me talk to people who had come to hear him; helping me in my work instead of getting on with his own!

His name will always be linked with that special system of administration which was called 'indirect rule'; one in which expediency and principle were fused together. When in 1900 he took over the vast, almost unexplored block of northern Nigeria, his lack of staff, of roads, and money made it impossible for him to impose close administration. Not that he wished to do this. These Muslim, Hausa people had their city states, with their castellated red mud palaces, their hierarchy of robed courtiers, their settled revenues, their law-courts, and the rest. He accepted these and used them. He was much too masterful and logical not to insist that the rulers must surrender their sovereignty—but, having taken, he gave back all he could of responsibility and dignity. He erected his higher, larger structure of government above and round the existing societies; he gave his officers clear and voluminous instructions—telling them to mould these old institutions into better shape, gradually, courteously, to prune away waste, cruelty, corruption, to strengthen order and justice, but never—this was basic—never to undermine the sense of responsibility. That was the theory.

The practice at first seemed brilliantly successful. A skeleton service of a few dozen British officials supervised millions of Africans all going about their ancient lawful occasions under rulers astonished and delighted to find their conquerors so considerate. What began in part as a necessary expedient by Lugard the governor became in time a philosophy in the hands of Lugard the elder statesman. The idea spread, partly in print, partly by example, and partly by Lugard's own school of administrators going out on promotion to govern other parts of Africa. But his 'indirect rule' was too successful, with the result that lesser men used it as a ready-made system, not as a principle for flexible application. And we, looking back, can see that it had at least one inherent defect. It was, like so much the British carry abroad with them, an almost wholly political concept. The colonial governors, still following *laissez-faire* in economics, let loose large economic forces which weakened, or even destroyed, the tribal structures upon which the new system had to be built. Then—something which Lugard could not have foreseen—the time factor was upset by two world wars, and all the hurricane of new ideas and conditions released by them and especially, of course, by the second. Indirect rule demanded several quiet generations for the tribal parts to grow slowly towards a national whole; and without an intelligentsia suddenly breaking out on a short cut to nationhood, and parliamentary self-government, both of which were beyond Lugard's first horizons. But no system could have wholly obviated the effects of the dislocating shock caused by the sudden intrusion of modern Europe into tribal Africa. It may be that Lugard's policy prevented this dislocation being too destructive—that it did cushion the shock for a useful twenty to thirty years. And by doing this it may have given time for the growth of mutual knowledge and confidence between the two sides which—dare we still hope today?—will save us from an absolute breach with our African colonies as they hasten towards independence.—*Third Programme*



Lord Lugard as a young soldier in 1893

Elliott and Fry

Among recent books on topography are: *Salisbury Plain*, by Ralph Whitlock and *The Wirral Peninsula*, by Norman Ellison (both Hale 'Regional Books', 18s. each); *The Medway*, by Robert H. Goodsall (Constable, 18s.); *Western Germany*, by Monk Gibbon (Batsford, 18s.) and *The Basque Country*, by Vivian Rowe (Putnam, 18s.).

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Looking Back

IN 'Commonplaces', the first in a series of six broadcast talks which we are publishing, Mr. Donald Boyd recalls some of the changes he has seen in the world since his youth. 'We have endured', he says, 'forty years of worry without hysteria', and adds that 'the schooled and moderate mind is the only one for us'. Most people would agree with him. We have become inoculated against crises, even if we are not completely immune to them, and thus though each successive crisis may have seemed more horrifying than the last we have not necessarily looked upon it any more fearfully. The kind of political questions that aroused the emotions before 1914—votes for women and home rule for Ireland—would appear as small beer today, not merely because the problems have been finally resolved but because they seem much less important than they were then. Then came that 'first world war' in which nearly a million British men were killed and we missed almost a generation. Next we faced the wave of strikes engendered by the post-war boom; then the boom broke and we encountered the problem of mass unemployment and a depression which injured our major industries as it seemed almost irreparably. Out of that developed or revived the old controversy over protection and free trade, a subject which now again seems to have receded into the background. Next surged up the second great depression of the inter-war years and another two million unemployed. For twenty years every politician, every economist, every social reformer was to be perplexed and racked by this, apparently the grimmest and most intractable problem of our time. Yet where is that problem today? The central difficulty now, the economists tell us, is over-full employment. The staple industries that men of Mr. Boyd's generation thought were facing extinction in the 'twenties are now relatively prosperous.

But since the rise of the European dictators in the inter-war years it has been war and the fear of war that has often most dominated our thoughts. 'There is little to be said for war', remarks Mr. Boyd, and yet, he observes elsewhere, the two world wars for which we have had to pay in blood and money were 'worth it to be free from the commands of the more barbarous of Germans'. If one does not believe that, the last forty years would be stultifying enough. Today, though the weapons of war have become more cruel and the nations still stand in arms as scarcely ever before in time of peace, we are perhaps no more fearful of war than we were either in 1918 or in 1938. And though we are often told we live under the menace of the nuclear bombs, many feel obstinately that the very frightfulness of these weapons tends to make war less likely.

Many other social and political changes have passed before our eyes in the last forty years: the establishment of the welfare state, the radical changes in the character of the Commonwealth and Empire, the emancipation of women, the invention of television. Each individual would have to think deeply and honestly before he could say whether these changes have materially or psychologically contributed to the sum of his own happiness. It is easy to sneer at the concept of progress on which our fathers or grandfathers were nurtured. For as one grows older the past takes on a golden hue; we forget that our appetites were sharper, our emotions more easily aroused, and our capacity for surprise and joy was stronger. We do not realise that it is not the passing of time that obsesses us when we are young, but the search for opportunities. And if the opportunities were vouchsafed to us and we did not always make the best use of them, the fault lay not in our stars but in ourselves.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the general election

THE SOVIET-YUGOSLAV TALKS in Belgrade, the forthcoming power conference, and the British elections were the main subjects discussed last week. In the United States the press, in general, expressed satisfaction at the Conservative victory. *The New York Times* quoted as describing Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Macmillan as 'a formidable team':

It will be a comfortable feeling for the White House and State Department to know that a strong, steady, friendly government is going to Britain for the next five years. Friendliness was never in question for either party, but the Bevan wing of the socialists could have caused trouble on some issues.

Several American newspapers were agreed that efforts made in certain quarters (notably in Communist propaganda) to portray the Conservatives as tied to American coat-tails had fallen flat. Commenting on what it called this 'absurd' effort, the *Washington Post and Times Herald* was quoted as saying:

The British, under the Churchill, Eden, Butler triumvirate, recover an independence in foreign policy which grew into world leadership.

From Canada the *Ottawa Journal* was quoted as follows:

An Eden Administration will have the experience and vision essential to the razor-edged diplomacy of today. The Anglo-American alliance is the pre-requisite of world security, and in the U.N., in Nato, in all other associations we cherish, this alliance is the light of democracy. Whatever keeps it shining and bright is to our benefit, and Britain has made sure that trained hands will tend the lamp.

Broadcasts from the communist world reiterated that both the Conservative and Labour Parties supported American policy. The 'apathy' of the electorate was attributed in a Rumanian broadcast to its having been barred 'by an endless series of anti-democratic measures' for voting for any but the two big parties. However, this discrimination had not prevented the seventeen Communist candidates from 'telling the masses the whole truth'. (No explanation was given why none of the Communist candidates got in.) A Moscow broadcast, quoted by *Pravda*, declared:

The British people no longer believe any of the promises of the Conservatives. Nor do the leaders of the Labour Party convince the electorate of the sincerity of their criticism. The progressive section of the working people realises that the policy of the arms race spells hardship for the workers. The mounting strike movements in Britain and the intensification of the campaign for peace and friendship among nations, are an indication of the mood of the British people.

On May 26 the Soviet Union, in a Note to the Western Powers, formally agreed to the Western proposal of a meeting of the heads of governments of the four big Powers. The Soviet Note accused the U.S.A. of wanting to negotiate 'from a position of strength' and having made statements 'on the need for interference in the internal affairs of other states' and 'have attacked the People's Democracies'.

Such attempts are incompatible with the principles of the U.N. They must be rejected as the aggressive aims of those who wish to intensify the arms race, continue the cold war, and heighten international tension. In this way the U.S. Government is, on the one hand, proposing to organise a four-power meeting, and, on the other, coming forward with plans which cannot but condemn such a meeting to failure.

The *New York Herald Tribune*, commenting on this part of the Russian Note, was quoted as saying:

Of far more importance is the flat Russian rejection of any discussion of the Red satellites in eastern Europe. This subject is one on which Russia is highly vulnerable, because of her flagrant violations of the war-time agreements relating to those nations. It is also a crucial aspect of any genuine settlement in Europe. . . . None of this constitutes a very happy augury for the forthcoming conference. Nevertheless, if it is held . . . it can still be important.

The *Washington Post and Times Herald* thought the very fact that Russia is so sensitive about the satellites gives the West a bargaining card. From Switzerland, the *Gazette de Lausanne* was quoted as believing that, at the forthcoming conference the Soviet Union might be willing to abandon control of east Germany if west Germany were detached from the west. But this, it said, would not be sufficient: the west must also show its concern for the independence of the Poles, Rumanians, Czechs, Hungarians, and Bulgarians.

Did You Hear That?

WOODEN BYGONES

LEONARD PARKIN has visited an exhibition of 'wooden bygones' at Oxhey Woods House, Northwood, collected over a period of twenty-five years by Mr. and Mrs. Pinto. He described this unusual exhibition in *The Eye-witness*.

'The pieces are arranged', he said, 'on the shelves of ten dummy hops each offering, as it were, its own particular wares. As you go into the house, for instance, there is the sign of the apothecary and in this hop window you can see all the paraphernalia of early chemistry and medicine. From there you call at a shop devoted entirely to articles connected with fire and lighting—tinder boxes, foot warmers, and candlesticks. The toilet requisites of our ancestors are in another shop, among them powdering flasks and a rare seventeenth-century shaving kit. And across the way, in the tobacco and snuff shop, there is a rich gathering of relics of what used to be an exclusively masculine habit.

'You can go to "Vanity Fair" with its stock of personal accessories which helped the lady and gentleman of long ago to brave the day with elegance. There are medieval wooden combs ornamented with pierced hearts—given in those days as love tokens; inlaid Georgian buckles; toilet boxes; ring stands, and combs designed for the eyebrows.

'A fun-and-games shop with its diabolos and an eighteenth-century mummies' hobby-horse shows the entertainment of past years. In the science section you can go from a collection of watch stands to an early microscope, dated about 1730. There is a shop devoted to objects connected with the drinking of tea and coffee—the soft drinks which just before the reign of Charles II began to change the old habit of drinking ale at breakfast. There are farm and household implements, and hundreds more of these wooden bygones, some of them, perhaps, to remind us of more austere days, some of them to remind us of the artistry and craftsmanship in every-day wooden gadgets and utensils'.

PLANTS THAT 'GOT AWAY'

'In 1949', said JEAN KINGDON-WARD, in a talk in the Home Service, 'my husband and I were looking for plants in the Mishmi Hills—that jumble of high mountains at the head of the Assam valley in India. It rains there 200 inches in the year, and tracks (except between villages) do not exist. After an hour or two of heart-breaking toil, we reached a small clearing in the forest. Here some enterprising villager had once tried to cultivate the land, on a slope of appalling steepness. Now it was abandoned, and all overgrown with secondary jungle. But there was one tree left, standing alone, that riveted our attention. Every scrap of bark had been stripped off it, and the trunk rose for nearly sixty feet from the ground, before the first branch. In fact, the tree was just a skeleton. Yet on it, unaccountably, there grew a large, snow-white orchid of surpassing loveliness. Through binoculars we stood admiring it for long minutes, noting the long, drooping sprays of butterfly-flowers, and the dark-green, grass-like leaves. It was a *Cymbidium*, and a new one at that.

But how to get it? We called to Badenao, our Mishmi interpreter, who often before had climbed trees for us in search of plants. This one, however, was one too much for even his agility. It was not possible, either, to cut down so big a tree with only a jungle knife. With the

utmost reluctance we had to leave this tantalising orchid to the jungle.

'Four years later we found the same species again, and once again it was inaccessible. Perched high on the limb of a great forest tree, it hung its glorious snowy flowers over the waters of a tumultuous mountain stream. One could, perhaps, have climbed the tree and cut off the slender branch on which it grew; but even if the orchid were not pulped against the rocks in its fall, or washed away, there would be no recovering it from those raging waters.

'But there are other ways of losing good plants than sheer inaccessibility. For instance, on a spring day in 1950, just inside Tibet, my husband and I walked round a corner of the path and came straight upon a bush that was covered from head to foot with clusters of flowers of a rich golden yellow. As yet there were only a few leaves, but the shrub was a laurel of sorts—and a highly desirable one. We examined the flowers, and found that after the way of laurels, they were all of one sex: in this case, male. Of course, we now wanted to find a female specimen of this lovely shrub, to mark down for seed in the autumn. Search where we would, we never found one, and I am afraid it is still not in cultivation.

'I think the most disappointing of all these 'loose ends' was one we left at the end of 1953, after a year's work in north Burma. It was not an orchid this time—of which there are so many hundreds already in cultivation. This was a clematis—'old man's beard'. There are many different species of clematis to be found in the gardens of Europe, but certainly none to compare with this amazing plant.

'The clematis was brought to us by a boy from the village one day late in October, only a month before we were due to leave. It was then coming into flower—but only just, for mostly there were still-unopened buds. We put the sprays in a bucket of water and awaited events. You know what the flowers of the common, wild clematis look like? In shape these were not very different, though perhaps a little larger. The buds were pale ivory, but as most clematis have creamy white buds, we did not expect anything very startling of them on that account. But that is where we were wrong. When they opened, the inside of the petals (if you can imagine it) was a deep chocolate brown, rich velvet in texture; and in the centre was a dense cluster of pale-ivory stamens, making a superb colour contrast. That was exciting enough, but when we held the flowers up to the sunlight, the better to admire them, then they glowed with a weird magenta fire. We badly wanted seed of this excellent and most unusual plant. But we could not wait for the seed to ripen—which would not be before February at least. We left our base camp in November, and I regret to say that, like the biggest salmon in the Wye, this unique clematis also "got away".'



A selection of 'wooden bygones' of the kitchen and dining table in the Pinto collection now on show at Oxhey Woods House

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CRICKET AT SCARBOROUGH

'I suppose that during my life I have played in, watched, umpired, scored at, or slept through several hundred cricket-matches', said ROBERT FURNIVAL, in a talk in the North of England Home Service, 'but I can honestly say that I have never enjoyed cricket so much as that at the Scarborough Cricket Festival. It was not just the cricket itself—in fact, some of it was not particularly good as cricket. But it was the whole-heartedness with which the thing was carried out.

I cannot remember ever having seen such an extraordinary mixture of prolonged concentration and complete relaxation and enjoyment at the same time, among players and watchers alike. Everyone in the large crowds—between 10,000 and 12,000 most of the time, I believe—savoured and enjoyed both the subtleties and the sensations, and there are plenty of both in festival cricket. There seemed to be a warm personal bond between players and onlookers which is rare nowadays in sport of any kind.

'I cannot exactly explain this feeling, except to say that it was apparent everywhere, it was something in the air. It was there, for example, in the front-page pictures of the teams in the local papers; in the rush of spectators to look at or take snaps of the teams as they strolled, with obliging slowness, across the ground to take lunch or tea; it was there in the huge, fresh-air sort of laugh which gusted up as Evans took a perfect throw-in from the boundary, only to discover that what had been thrown-in was a small boy's soft ball; in the sales-patter of the men and boys who leapt adroitly amongst the benches selling score-cards; and in the speed with which the score-boards clicked up the singles and sixes, the shattered wickets, and the changes of bowling.

'I liked, too, the big hulks of Dads and Grandads who sat low and dry, marooned—but only just—in a sea of papers, and score-cards, and sandwich-wrappings, with vivid braces and gay nautical cocked hats made out of the *Yorkshire Post*, slowly turning the colour of new bricks as the sun kilned them, inch by cubic inch, and watching every slightest flicker of the bat with critical appraisal. I liked the congregation of silent worshippers who stood in prayer round the sacred square in the intervals of sacrificed wickets, looking at the scuffed-up turf pensively, profoundly silent, trying to prod and test it with their eyes. And the small boys, grave or gabbling, who blew wisps of hair out of their eyes as, in the lunch-time outfield, they sloshed and whacked and played left-elbow-well-up excellent coat-and-tennis-ball games, using lemonade-bottles for bats. What a great number of youthful left-handers, by the way, there are among these up-and-coming bottle-players of Yorkshire. They all looked worth a place in the county side. And so did some of the spectators who made careless one-handed catches from towering six-hits which plummeted into the depths of the crowd, and received our applause by bowing or taking their caps off just like professionals'.

TRAVELLING IN COMFORT

When travelling, what is an essential piece of equipment for one traveller is an unwarranted and ridiculous luxury to another. In a talk in the Home Service LAURENS VAN DER POST gave his views on what are necessary comforts, as far as he is concerned, on the sort of journeys he has made in Africa.

'I think we would all agree', he said, 'on certain basic physical elements, like a minimum of water, food, medicine, and so on. It is surprising how quickly and keenly we all draw a dividing line between what one man rejects and what another finds absolutely indispensable for his journey. I, for instance, have been teased for years because I refuse to go off into the wilderness of Africa without a chair to sit in. It does not matter that my sort of chair is a light, canvas contraption and not a ponderous, upholstered affair. It continues to provoke merriment among my friends all the time and no doubt will go on doing so as long as I travel. But the truth is that in the past when it has come to choosing between a bed and a chair I have always chosen a chair. I find, too, that I am apt to fall out of beds when I have not slept in them for a long time. I remember an occasion when, after several months in Abyssinia, I took a double bedroom at a hotel in Cairo and fell out of both the beds in the same night. In the end I pulled the blankets off and went to sleep on the stone floor of the balcony outside.

I do not mind sleeping on the ground a bit or even in the sun. In fact, in a way I cannot explain, I sleep better that way. I find that it is a sort of coming and going between oneself and the earth in close contact at night which deepens one's sleep. Yet I do not like sitting on the ground at all. I do not like sitting on stones or on stumps of wood for long. After a long day's trek I like to have a chair to sink in by my camp-fire in order to enjoy what is to me the greatest of all luxuries, complete and utter physical exhaustion. Without my chair I might do what I do out of necessity but never, never, for fun.

'On the other hand, there are parts of Africa where I would not feel comfortable without a gun but where I have seen other men without through the bush for days with only a Bible in one hand and a hurricane lamp in the other. For instance, I can easily imagine Livingstone without a rifle, but never without a Bible, and perhaps one of the best if more extreme examples of what I mean is the great and gallant

Sir Harry Hamilton Johnstone, who insisted on travelling through the heart of Africa with many things which I, with my own chair standard, find rather excessive. For instance, he insisted not only on a chair but also on a table. This table he had with him every night by an impeccable African servant in uniform. It was laid with a clean white cloth, folded napkins, silver, glass, and Sir Harry would sit down nightly, fully changed, to dine and drink a bottle of champagne with the lions roaring in the wings of the night, as it were.

'I knew another African administrator and traveller who was respected to the point of almost supernatural awe by Africans, and he had his own system of priorities on a journey. He would walk through the bush regularly in boots and canvas gaiters, but above the canvas gaiters he was quite naked except for a large Turkish towel tied round his pink, perspiring midriff. Behind him marched an African bearer carrying a decanter of whisky, a syphon, a cut-glass tumbler on a silver salver, and behind the bearer came another carrying a chair, behind the chair another carrying registers, and so on, down the line, until at the far end came a minute bearer with a minute gun. I could add other amenities but I hope this is enough to illustrate my point.

'I would only like to say that I try to live roughly on the principle that I must avoid unnecessary stoicism in myself and in others so as to make quite sure that the supply of stoicism is not exhausted when it is really wanted. My own idea of a successful venture is that it should be conducted in such a manner that when it comes to an end one is rather sad that it is all over, and my African bearers return to me when they have laid down their loads for the time and ask, "Bwana, when shall we do this again?"'

A DYNASTY OF FOOLS

'The term "Lord of Misrule" generally conjures up visions of Christmas, and highly organised revels in palaces, or noblemen's mansions, the Inns of Court', said BARBARA LOWE in a talk in the Third Programme. 'In fact, of course, every parish had its Lord of Misrule not only at Christmas or the New Year, but at Shrovetide, Mayday, at midsummer, and not least at Whitsuntide. One might call himself My Lord of Montacute, another the Abbot of Unreason, or a third Robin Hood, but they all belonged to the same dynasty of Fools, and were all heirs to the same Kingdom of Fools. This belonged to the world of "Upside-down"—where slaves are kings, fools wise men, and burlesque pomp is a mockery of the most solemn ritual.

'Today Folly is not an official purgative for knavery, yet we cling to such relics of the old fools' festivals as April Fool's Day and paper hats at Christmas. Even the Pearly King of the costers belongs to the ancient Kingdom of Fools'.



The Greek Professors and the Modern Mind

The first of two talks by PHILIP LEON

SON of Hippocrates', says Socrates to someone who has just asked his opinion on a problem of linguistics, 'if I had been to Prodicus' fifty-shilling lecture, which, according to him, guarantees the hearer the education on this important and difficult subject, then there would be no reason why you should not know the truth of it in a trice. But the fact is I have only been to a shilling lecture. Therefore I do not know how the truth stands in this matter'.

Prodicus, Gorgias and Protagoras, Hippias and Thrasymachus, his fellows of the fifth century B.C., were the first professors in the world or at least in Europe. If we look at them they may help us to understand the essence both of professors and of the modern mind, which, so I believe, is being more and more moulded by professors. The Greek word translated here by 'professors' is 'sophists', the name applied to Prodicus and the rest by themselves and by others. This name, it is true, bears no reference to 'universities', for the sophists had no universities and were nomads rather than incumbents of chairs: they travelled from city to city addressing large and miscellaneous audiences for admission fees ranging from one shilling per person upwards. But otherwise it connotes exactly the same as the English word; above all, it has the English word's emotional ambivalence: a peculiar combination of respect and ridicule, of childish trust in, and adult suspicion of, professionalism. Furthermore, the English verb 'to profess' is simply a translation, through the Latin, of the Greek *παράγλωσθαι* by which the sophists described what they did.

Imparting Sophia

What, then, did these professors profess? To impart *sophia*. By *sophia* they meant three things: wisdom, that which one needs for the successful conduct of life, either as a man or as a citizen; knowledge; skill. But they also offered particular *sophiai*, or subjects, as we should say: rhetoric, or the art of prose; literary interpretation; grammar, etymology, and semantics; mythology, archaeology, and anthropology; logic and ethics. Or rather, to be more exact, they offered the rudiments which were later to develop into these subjects. One of them, Hippias, was something like Carlyle's Teufelsdröck, *Professor der Allerlei-wissenschaft*, 'professor of miscellaneous knowledge': he delivered courses on astronomy, geometry, arithmetic, the science of letters, syllables, rhythms, and harmonies; on heroes and founders of cities; on archaeology. He is said to have claimed to have appeared at the Olympic games with everything on him of his own make: ring, oil-scraper, oil-flask, shoes, cloak, tunic and belt, epics, tragedies, dithyrambs and prose compositions of all kinds.

'Of his own make' might have been said of every *sophia* professed by any one of these sophists. These subjects were new; they had not existed before. True, Greeks had spoken and written prose long before Gorgias, but, like Monsieur Jourdain, they had not known it; nor had they dreamed that the practice could be reduced to a system of rules. They had known the meaning of words but had not compared them with each other or speculated about their derivations. Their myths had been as familiar to them as the Bible used to be to us, but they had not collated and correlated them, or taken them in any other than a literal sense. They had, of course, argued—what Greek did not argue?—but they had had no idea that there could be an exciting art which would make the 'unjust argument' appear just and win you cases in the law-court. All these subjects the sophists made, and that is what the word 'sophist' literally means: one who manufactures a *sophia*, or subject.

And that, too, is precisely what the professor does: he manufactures a subject. In collaboration with his colleagues and by means of examination syllabuses, he makes English literature as a professor of English, and French literature as a professor of French; as a historian he makes history and determines which part of it shall be ancient, which medieval, which modern, and which the end of history. As an astrophysicist he is the maker of heaven, and, as a geologist and geographer, of earth. As a biologist, anthropologist, psychologist, or sociologist he makes man, or at least a bit of him. As a professor of theology he makes God. And

as a professor of anything he even makes, parthenogenetically, other professors.

In his dialogue, *The Professor*, Plato talks, rather rudely, of tracking the professorial animal to his lair. We have now tracked him, by the *methodos*, or tracking, which, I shall show, is the professorial one *par excellence*. Thanks to it he is now located: we can distinguish his species from the other species belonging to the genus academic. Thus, the assistant lecturer, we can say, is the apprentice learning the trade; the lecturer lectures on what he is told, though not what or how he is told; the reader reads and so feeds the subject; the lecturer-in-charge, that unhappy creature, nurses it and keeps it from running away; the professor makes and advances it.

That the maker of heaven and earth, of man, God, and professors is important, is obvious. But to appreciate the exact nature of his importance we must look at the after-history of the work of these fifth-century professors. The sophists were a typical product of the Greek spirit: Homer's Odysseus, in whom the Greeks recognised themselves more than in any other literary character, was already a sophist. But these sophists also sharpened and emphasised the type: without the Greek spirit there would have been no sophists, but without the sophists the Greek spirit would not have been so Greek—not so Greek as it became after the fifth century. The influence of the sophists can be traced in three spheres: that of higher education; of ethics, or the soul; of the concept.

To take first, the sphere of education. Unlike the Egyptian priests, or the Brahmins or the Druids, who were rooted in a particular culture, guardians of tradition and authority, and custodians of their secrets, the sophists were rootless; they were unattached to any particular city or institutions; they were iconoclasts and innovators, and they offered their wares to all and sundry. They flourished therefore most at Athens, whose democracy was so jealous of the idea of any unquestionable authority, or of knowledge and skill reserved for the privileged few. They are thus the originators of our own ideals of the cosmopolitanism of knowledge; of freedom of thought for the universities, and of higher education open to all.

The sophists, I have said, offered *sophia* also in the sense of the wisdom one needs for the successful conduct of life as a man and a citizen (for 'living well' or 'doing well', phrases whose equivocation, from our point of view, served both Plato and Aristotle as a 'proof' for many an important argument in their moral philosophies). This offer laid down the line which all ethics, of whatever brand, were to follow throughout classical antiquity. It made man's ideal, or good, self-realisation in one form or another. This good, according to Aristotle, is to be found by looking first for that function which differentiates man from the other species in the genus animal, *viz.*, his rationality; then for the *arete* (virtue, excellence, or efficiency) of that function, and living according to it. This is what is meant by the 'humanism' and 'intellectualism' of ancient ethics. In this respect Judaism and Christianity have introduced a profound and ineradicable difference resisting every attempt to return to humanism. According to them, man's good is a transcendent one; it consists in finding and obeying the will of God.

Man's Good

At its deepest, this means that his good is always beyond what has emerged as his nature at any particular stage of his evolution, and certainly beyond his knowledge of even that nature; and that he can no more divine this good by simply looking at this nature than our anthropoid ancestor could have guessed, by looking into himself, *homo sapiens*, that is to say, us, the good that was lying in store for him, such as it is. 'Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him', is the formula for this ethic. Greek ethics, like everything Greek, invite us to keep within the limits of the conscious, to 'keep sober and remember to be sceptical', in the words of the Sicilian's warning, and that notwithstanding Plato's saying that man must become

assimilated to God and Aristotle's saying that he must practise immortality as much as a mortal may. Judaism and Christianity, on the other hand, enjoin us to venture into the supra-conscious, to 'see visions and dream dreams', in the words of the Hebrew prophet's promise. Greek ethics was responsible for the superficiality of classical literature, which was perhaps the price that literature had to pay for its sanity and clarity. In the same way, the price of modern literature has to pay for its deeper penetration and loftier aspiration is Quixotism, or idealism deviating into folly. When this idealism is disappointed, it ends in insanity, the insanity, for example, of that 'metaphysical revolt' of which Camus has made a study in his *L'Homme Révolté*. 'If God does exist, he ought to be shot for inventing people', is the more succinct way in which the same revolt is voiced by a character in one of Joyce Cary's novels. It is the singular merit of such literature that it makes life a welcome escape from art.

It is, however, in the third sphere, that of the concept, that the sophists' influence is most far-reaching. It amounts to nothing less than making the world safe for professors, turning the universe into the university. But this work could not have been accomplished without Socrates, the arch-sophist, or arch-professor. True, he declared that he had no *sophia*, he professed that he had nothing to profess; but that was because he had such a high idea of professorship. At any rate he was the true, though rebellious, or perhaps because rebellious, son of the sophists, just as Plato and Aristotle, who continued his work faithfully, were, respectively, their true grandson and great-grandson. Socrates was the critic of the sophists. He accused them of ignorance which, unlike his own, did not know itself as ignorance but took itself for knowledge. But by this he did not mean that what, for example, Prodicus taught about linguistics, whether in his shilling or fifty-shilling lecture, was not true. At any rate when he charged with the same ignorance statesmen, poets, artists, and generals he did not mean necessarily or primarily that they did not govern well, or did not write good poetry, make good statues, or win victories; he meant that they could not tell him, respectively, what statesmanship, poetry, art, and generalship were; that they could not give him a *logos*, concept or

definition of each of these; but to make a *logos* was to make a subject the sophists tried to make subjects without knowing what a subject was or how to constitute it properly; they were professors who did not know their job; he sought, without knowing it, to perfect the art of professorship, and through his son and grandson he perfected it.

Socrates, Aristotle tells us, was the discoverer of definition. And to define, as we may discover from Aristotle, who was a pastmaster of the art, is to compare, classify, divide, fix the frontiers of a genus, place its species properly within it, and to find causes; this is *metaphysics*, *methodos*, tracking, hunting down or hunting out. When one has done this, one has a *logos*, or subject. So when we have done this with our random intuitions and observations, we find a Greek word to add the termination, 'ology' to it. When we have made or advanced an 'ology', we may, with luck, be declared professors, or at least professors-in-the-bud. Until we have done so, however true and important our random intuitions and observations may be, we are ignoramuses and charlatans.

For the sake of brevity I shall call this method 'conceptualising'. Here I want to point out what it may, or must, lead to. The frontiers of the genus, concept, or subject, once fixed, are apt to remain fixed. The subject will not easily advance horizontally, so as to obscure or eliminate these frontiers. But there is no limit to the vertical downward advance: species begets sub-species, and sub-species sub-sub-species and so on *ad infinitum*. Hence advancing the subject involves fragmentation, or atomisation, and specialisation along with limitation. It means knowing more and more about less and less. The view of the advance of a subject, the professorial view, is not macroscopic or synoptic, but microscopic. Specialisation with limitation, 'minding one's own business and not meddling', was, Plato said, identical with justice, morality or righteousness, that justice which was to be the foundation of the ideal state, of the city of the philosopher-kings. Little did Plato—who also held that the philosopher was the synoptic man—little did he know what he was doing when he said that, as he would himself realise if he were alive today.—*Third Programme*

The Policeman's Lot—II

By the Rt. Hon. J. CHUTER EDE, C.H., M.P.

BY the aid of machinery described in my previous talk*, pay has been increased by 85 per cent. over the 1945 figures for constables at the bottom of the scale, and by over 65 per cent. for all constables and sergeants. Constables now start at £445 a year and rise to £550. Sergeants' annual pay is now £590 to £635. While the pay of higher ranks has increased, the percentage advance has not been as great as in the ranks for which details have just been given. It would be difficult to contend that these rises have been out of proportion to those achieved by most skilled workers, or that in terms of pay alone they make generous recognition of the increased cost of living since 1945. There are several skilled trades where actual earnings are at least as good as the figures for constables and sergeants and in which the work imposes less strain on family relationships than does the normal routine of the man in the lower ranks of the police.

While the individual police officer and the federation are inclined to take into account only the actual cash sum received in the pay packet, the police authorities bring into their assessment certain allowances and emoluments which, they contend, give considerable advantages to the police officer over men holding a comparable position in skilled industry. If a police officer lives in a house provided by the authority he lives free of rent and rates. If he provides his own accommodation he receives an allowance, and since 1945 that has been increased by 50 per cent. It is free of income tax. If the exigencies of the service compel a man to live apart from his family, he is paid an extra allowance of 25s. a week, or, if the family is living in free quarters, 17s. 6d. a week. Constables and sergeants living in London receive a special allowance of £20 a year. A police officer receives uniform or a plain clothes allowance and a boot allowance. These allowances have, after consideration by the Police Council, been adjusted upwards from time to time to take account of rising costs.

The exact value of these allowances to the police is the subject of acute controversy whenever they come up for consideration. While the serving members for the forces are inclined to think they should be disregarded altogether, which is hardly a reasonable attitude, the authorities if they claim to regard them as being worth their equivalent in cash may overlook some of the disadvantages of the policeman's lot which cannot be escaped. The debate on this issue will undoubtedly continue, and probably the truth is to be found somewhere between the two opinions when they are put forward in extreme terms.

Before the war the policeman was entitled to two weeks' leave a year. In 1947 this was increased to three weeks, and in 1948 an additional six days for the public holidays were added. The working week consists of six days of eight hours each. At the moment, a claim for a four-hour week is before the Police Council. A policeman required to work overtime receives either time off or payment. The rule of the service is that, if possible, the compensation shall be time off. As compared with pre-1945 arrangements improvements have been made. The time off was given only if the extra hours worked in a week exceeded nine, and the time off equalled the number of hours worked. No overtime was paid at any time after the conclusion of the daily eight-hour period counts. Overtime is now paid at the rate of one hour for every extra three-quarters of an hour worked, or by payment calculated on the same basis.

Housing for newly recruited officers presented great difficulties immediately after the war. Most police authorities energetically responded to a Home Office call for rapid building to cope with the situation. Since the war about 13,000 houses to accommodate police officers have been built. At the moment nearly 2,500 houses and flats are under construction. Of the 126 police authorities, 44 claim to have

et their urgent needs and 54 others anticipate being in a similar position by the end of 1955. The attitude of many local housing authorities declining to give special priority to the police is, in the circumstances of recent years, understandable. Nevertheless, it is regrettable in its influence on police authorities' policy where it has led to groups of police houses being built causing, in varying intensity, the creation of segregated police colonies. It is to the advantage of the general population, as well as to the police officer, that he should live as an ordinary citizen in the mixed community of which our towns and villages consist.

The Policewoman

So far in the main I have discussed here the policeman, a worthy and hard-working servant of the community. The policewoman has an equal claim to our esteem. She has had to live down much prejudice and to free herself from the limits on her professional activities imposed by nervous and suspicious chief constables of an order now extinct. At one time, too, her men colleagues in the ranks looked at her askance. Now, the Police Federation boast of her work for them and their work for her. A policewoman sits of her own right on the Police Council. She is to be found in every police force in England and Wales. The last two forces to accept her were Merionethshire and the City of London—a queer combination but an enlightening peep at the opposition which had to be overcome.

Before the first world war some magistrates used women's services unofficially in duties of a police nature. During that war some were employed with police forces, mainly on clerical duties. In 1918 His Majesty's Inspectors of Constabulary commented, in the jargon of those days, that policewomen should be given work suited to them, such as maintenance of police decorum among girls'. They also emphasised the value of their services in munition factories and in preventing juvenile delinquency and prostitution. In 1920 a committee recommended that there was an urgent need for policewomen, who should be properly qualified and fully trained, and should become an integral part of the police force.

Slow progress was made, and among the most stupid of the slashes made in the public services by the notorious 'Geddes Axe' were the reductions made in the strength of the women police in 1922. Another committee sat in 1924, but throughout the period between the two world wars the employment of policewomen and an understanding of the part they could play made little headway. It was the need to employ the whole human power of the nation during the second world war which gave women the opportunity to show that they could perform the whole range of police duty. In 1945 a woman assistant to His Majesty's Inspectors of Constabulary was appointed. In 1946 the Police Post-War Committee, in their second report, recommended that every police force should have an establishment of policewomen. Resistance continued, but in 1951 the hitherto impregnable fortress of the City of London and the steep mountain passes of Merionethshire had been stormed.

Some of the Old Guard in the federation, too, did not welcome the advent of the women, and even tried to argue the impossible proposition that women could not be members of their organisation. At an interview between the Home Secretary and the federation, distinguished by more than usual frankness of utterance on both sides, the mutual examination of the relevant act of parliament revealed that the women, being officers in the appropriate ranks, by that fact had always been members of the federation. Ever since they have been, without challenge, welcomed to the federation and to the athletic association, and have worthily upheld in both the highest traditions of the force.

Honours for Gallantry

Women now discharge all the duties of the force and some women have, for undertaking risks of the gravest kind, been awarded the highest honour available for gallantry—the King's or Queen's Police Medal. At least one particularly revolting and cunning murderer was brought to book by the intelligence, observation, and astute intuition of a policewoman. As Sir Harold Scott said in his recently published book on Scotland Yard: 'They have indeed come to stay, and it is hard to understand how the police force did without them for so long!' Any woman of reasonable physique and education who wants a life in which the full exercise of her faculties can be employed in the public service should give serious thought to the opportunities afforded by the women police.

For both men and women, uniforms have been remodelled during the past few years. That for women is undoubtedly the smartest worn by any of the women's services, and whether the wearer is on patrol or on point duty directing traffic, her dress is neat, comfortable, and becoming. The old button-up tunic for men, which was universal before the war, has now been largely replaced by open-neck jackets, and shirts with collar and tie. Men's headgear excites divided opinions among the forces. Some still prefer the traditional helmet with plenty of white metal gleaming from it. While standardisation has become the rule in many things, the proper pride of local forces can well be allowed in such matters.

Except in the largest forces, training before the second world war was often haphazard. Eight regional training schools have now been set up to which recruits from the forces served by each particular school go for the first three months of their service. They return for further short spells during the first two years' service, which are regarded as probationary. Men and women attend these residential courses, which cover the whole gamut of police responsibility. Lectures are followed by practical demonstrations. By the time of the passing-out parade the recruit has not merely picked up the rudiments of his new calling, but has become aware that, while he is a member of a local organisation, that organisation is part of a nation-wide service in which co-operation between all is the only guarantee of the success of any. He, or she, has discovered that the police are not above the law, but subject to it like any other citizen, and answerable for their actions if they exceed their strictly limited legal powers. They have to rid themselves of all private prejudices so that they may serve all manner of men and women without fear or favour, affection or ill-will. It says much for the ingrained sense of fair play and good humour of both the police and the public that while for many years a man was enrolled in the force one day and put on the streets as a constable the next, so few cases of excessive zeal by the exercise of such recently acquired power over the lives and characters of his fellow citizens are recorded.

Individual Right of Appeal to Home Secretary

Returned to his force, the recruit enters a disciplined body, subject to regulations made by the Home Secretary after consultation with the Police Council in which the federation's representatives have been heard. From the finding and sentence of this disciplinary authority, if the awarded punishment is reduction in rank or in rate of pay or a more severe penalty, the person suffering the punishment has the right of appeal to the Home Secretary, who may adjudicate on the papers submitted by the appellant and the authority or may appoint a court of inquiry, usually consisting of a barrister and an inspector of constabulary, to hear the appeal and make recommendations thereon. The report and recommendations are considered by the Home Secretary, who then gives his decision.

Such, then, are the issues involved in a consideration of the recruitment, pay, and conditions of the police forces. The men and women comprising them are familiar figures to all of us. They are drawn from the ordinary population of the country and they are subject to the ordinary law, and, in addition, have their own disciplinary code. The highest standard of impartiality is expected of them. By their strict observance of this requirement their welfare has been and will remain a subject outside party political considerations. By statute and regulation they are debarred from active political propaganda. The prohibition is so emphatic that the text of Regulation 53 should be quoted:

A constable shall at all times abstain from any activity which is likely to interfere with the impartial discharge of his duties or which is likely to give rise to the impression amongst members of the public that it may so interfere; and in particular a constable shall not take any active part in politics.

Such a condition of employment would be regarded as a gross violation of personal liberty by any other group of citizens, but the acceptance by the police service in spirit as well as in the letter imposes on the rest of us the duty of seeing that these forces, which serve us so well, carry out their duties under conditions which we can justify to our own consciences. These men and women, while other classes have been advancing in social security, have had to carry the heavy burden imposed by new duties to be performed with acute shortage of staff. They have made noteworthy contributions to the idea which has been fundamental to the British conception of police work, that its aim should be to prevent crime. In this connection the contribution to the reduction of juvenile delinquency made by the Liverpool City Force is

outstanding and worthy of the highest praise, for Liverpool is one of the cities in which depleted strength has been most rife. Yet its juvenile liaison officers have inaugurated and maintained work which shows how fertile in ideas and how humane in action a well-led police service can be.

To fit this service, which makes such high demands on the greatest human qualities and deprives them of some of the most cherished rights of citizens, into the new world of the late twentieth century, is a task to which much thought has been given by successive Home Secretaries irrespective of party affiliations.—*Third Programme*

Landscape in the Town

By PETER SHEPHEARD

BY landscape in the town I do not mean parks; the large parks which have been called the lungs of the town but which often lie railed off on their own and contribute little to the character of the town itself. What I mean is all those various bits of open space which are found in all towns, verges, small playgrounds, courts, corners, and bays left by the setting back of buildings, shopping parades, islands of traffic roundabouts, and so on, each of which can contribute something, or subtract something, from the character of the town. Think, for example, of Paris, a city which gives an impression not only of grandeur, with its great boulevards streaming away into the distance, but also of charming landscape and ubiquitous greenery; and yet, in Paris there is no large park comparable with the great central parks of London, between the Bois de Boulogne on one side and the Bois de Vincennes on the other. All the intervening greenness occurs in smaller gardens, like the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, or, even more important, in places like the Champs Elysées which are little more than glorified verges. So beautiful are these smaller open spaces that they create the character of Paris, and altogether camouflage the fact that much of the architecture is really rather dreary. And, of course, there are many other towns one can think of where trees have had a decisive effect: Cheltenham, for example, where the great chestnut trees raise the Parade from a moderate architectural effect into a really grand one; or Lord Street, Southport, where they turn a totally worthless architectural setting into something quite pleasant and famous.

and Sundays for all the world as if they were in Paris itself.

Let us have, then, more usable space in towns and less railing off. The borough engineer, who for his sins is in charge of town landscape, tends to want to make everything safe, to shut up parks at night, to lop to the stumps every tree that might conceivably drop a branch at the crack of doom, to surround water with railings unclimbable by even one except the children they are meant to keep out; and his elaborate keep-off-the-grass gardens have prevented the application of the traditional English tradition of hard-wearing, informal landscape to our town open spaces. The lessons the town landscape architect needs can all be learned from home sources, from the English village green, the streets and squares of English country towns, the colleges of Cambridge and Winchester, and the parks of the English landscape movement. But to ignore them: you have to go to Stockholm, if you want to see a sort of thing Capability Brown might have done if he had had a model city instead of an English gentleman's park to play with.

More usability means, of course, more careful attention to the weaving qualities of the design. There are three main elements which go to make this town landscape: first, ground surfaces of one sort or another: paving, grass, water, and so on; second, hazards to keep people in or out, such as walls, fences, or changes in level; and, third, vegetation, trees, shrubs, and flowers.

The surface of the ground is very important aesthetically: only a little less so than the facades of buildings. Many courts and squares in country towns, where the architecture of the buildings is not specially distinguished, are given scale and charm by a splendid paving scheme, perhaps with several various textures, lines of smooth stone in certain directions people want to walk in, cobbles and rough stuff elsewhere, with granite gutters and stone bollards. All this is just as pretty as grass, and if you want greenery you can have it in trees which have it up where no one can tread on it. We should use more stone for paving; it costs three or four times more than concrete slabs but lasts ten or twenty times as long. It is particularly absurd to take up good old York stone pavements already 100 years old, as many boroughs do, just because they are a little uneven and need relaying, and replace them with concrete slabs, a mean, characterless, and impermanent job.

Brick Walls or Chain-link Fencing?

With walls and fences again one has to choose between the handsome, permanent, expensive, but in the long run economical, thing of stone or brick, and the cheap but uneconomical chain-link or wood paling. Sometimes a brick or stone wall can itself be an architectural triumph, like the one flanking the entrance to the Mall near St. James's Palace; and one should always think twice, when designing new buildings or groups of buildings, before destroying old walls which may exist on the site and may do much to retain the spirit of the place and anchor the new scheme to its surroundings. Nothing can, I suppose, be done to resist the appeal of chain-link fencing to the authority which wants a cheap job, but one tip is worth having: dip it in bitumen which preserves it, and makes it black and much less obtrusive than when its shiny galvanising shows. And while talking about hazards one should remember water: a shallow moat, four inches deep, is as effective as a six-foot wall in keeping people in or out, and does not cut off the view.

The design of vegetation in the town landscape is a subject full of difficulties, and its principles are much misunderstood. To take just one example, the use of flowers: it is always assumed that because flowers are beautiful things, one has only to plant them anywhere for the scene to be enhanced. This is far from true; the beauty of flowers is seen at close quarters, it needs shelter and an intimate setting

Municipal Afterthoughts

The attitude of the authorities in England to these small open spaces and street gardens varies from a complete railing off, often with an excess of beautification and municipal gardening, on the one hand, to the other extreme of regarding them as just so much waste space in which to dump all sorts of what has come to be called street furniture: signs and lamp-posts, public lavatories and transformer stations, and any other of those municipal after-thoughts which have not found their proper places in the design of the town. It is difficult to decide which of these attitudes does most damage. Many green and tranquil spots have been chewed up to provide those hideous little parodies of gardening, with rockeries, wrought-iron gates, urns, crazy paving, and mock-rustic stone walls, which seem to be inspired by that verse beginning 'A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!'; which I believe Edith Sitwell once said was like being hit over the ear without provocation; and certainly the gardens hit the eye just as painfully. Some of the worst examples of this 'God-wottery', as one might call it, have been put up by well-meaning but badly advised commercial interests in Knightsbridge, Piccadilly, and the Strand in London, with an effect of unbelievable incongruity. Others, not far short of these in uselessness, have become quite a fashion with municipal gardeners; a particularly flagrant one has been installed by the Westminster City Council, who really ought to know better, in Golden Square, Soho; and they cut down all the plane trees to make way for it.

Such gardens as these are incongruous and absurd; they are based on the fallacy that because Cotswold walls, wrought-iron gates, and cypress trees have their own kind of beauty in certain places, they will automatically beautify other places. But a far more important fault of God-wottery is that it is not usable; it does not provide the sheltered sitting spaces, the paved walks, the meeting grounds that our towns need. It is perhaps significant that we have no English equivalent of the French word '*flâner*'—to wander about looking at things, to take one's ease and enjoy the town. And yet this is a real need, as one can see by the way people do in fact seize on certain streets, however unsuitable, in some towns and parade in them on Saturdays

dumped down in large slabs, especially the brightest flowers in the greenest lawns (what is sometimes called a riot of colour, though why that should be a good thing, I do not know), they can give the effect, when seen from a distance, of so much coloured waste paper. Many quiet, green gardens, churchyards, or even traffic roundabouts have been spoilt by flowers in this way, flowers which might have looked excellent in other settings, in which their beauty could be seen at close quarters, and with a background. Putting vast clumps of geraniums on a traffic roundabout is rather like making a pile of Dresden china on one's lawn.

By far the most important of town landscape problems is the proper use and maintenance of trees.

Yet, for one reason or another, the destruction of mature trees is going on in all towns at an alarming rate. It has recently been estimated that in the central London boroughs the large trees are disappearing at the rate of one-tenth per annum: at this rate in ten years' time no trees will remain in central London outside the parks and a few favoured squares and gardens. Even within the parks, the elm trees are everywhere threatened, and we have already lost, through a moment of needless panic on the part of the authorities, the great Broad Walk Avenue in Kensington Gardens. The Broad Walk is an interesting case. Some of the trees were certainly dangerous, as ancient elm trees often are. But quite half of them were perfectly

safe; if half were removed and their places taken by newly planted young trees, the avenue effect could have been preserved by the older trees while the new ones were growing up; this piecemeal method of replanting an avenue can be seen very well done in Bushey Park. In Broad Walk it is at least doubtful whether a strict-lined avenue is a good thing—there is nothing at either end worth leading up to—and a series of groups of trees, old and new, on each side of the walk would have looked equally well, and would have needed only a very few of the old trees to make a foundation for it.

But it is not only danger of falling branches that brings trees into disgrace: trees are in the way of new buildings; or they cut off light from houses; or their roots are damaged by roads and buildings being built too near them; some old ladies have a particularly fierce Freudian hate of large and flourishing trees and they write to the authorities with the most disastrous results; and many trees that survive fall a victim to the mad methods of lopping and chopping about, which the borough engineer calls pruning.

One of the most dreadful tree-slaughters is now proposed by the Committee on Car Parking in central London, who would

sacrifice all the great plane trees in all the West End squares, including St. James's, Grosvenor, Cavendish, Soho, and Berkeley Squares, to make way for underground garages. And make no mistake about it, in spite of what anyone says, the construction of garages certainly means the destruction of the trees, as it would be prohibitively expensive either to leave the roots of the old ones or provide enough depth of soil for anything but very small new ones. Now that much of the Georgian architecture has gone, most of the splendour of these famous squares resides in these great trees. They are all in wonderfully good condition from many years of careful culture and attention; they are now 100 to 150 years old and capable of standing at least as long again.

This, of course, is not a tree problem only. Even if the scheme solved the car-parking problem, the loss of the trees would be a high price to pay; but the number of cars taken will be so small, as to make no real difference in the situation, and may well aggravate it by encouraging even more people to bring in their cars.

The whole project is an example of how some people can regard even these precious squares as waste space, a dumping ground; because they are semi-publicly owned. Why, because the land for garages would be expensive to buy from private owners, should it be stolen from the public use? When the scheme was first mooted, the outcry against it in parliament and the press caused some drawing in of horns; but now we hear that pilot schemes

for Cavendish, Finsbury, and Grosvenor Squares are being examined; the scheme is in motion and it will take all that public opinion can do to kill it.

The first essential, then, is to preserve what old trees remain; the second, to plant new ones. Especially in new developments, and above all in housing, one should leave spaces here and there large enough to accommodate the largest forest trees without detriment to houses, drains, or roads; this means a decision at the earliest stage of design.

Even singly, large trees are worth having: think of the great value of the old sycamore which leans over the wall of Queen's College, Oxford, and puts the crowning touch to that wonderful High Street. And one must have large trees—little ones are no substitute. Cherry and plum trees are pretty enough, planted among larger and darker trees against which their whites and pinks can be seen; but they are hopelessly out of scale among large, modern buildings or against the wide sweep of modern arterial roads. Many of them have a poisonous pinkish hue in their flowers which looks garish in the green English landscape.

Almost as important as the destruction of old trees is the mutilation of the remaining ones



The Champs Elysées

J. Allan Cash



The chestnut avenue at Bushey Park

by ignorant lopping. In some places trees must be curbed in size, never an easy thing to do to a vigorous forest tree: but in others, lopping to the familiar hat-rack shape seems to be done for no reason at all. Always, this is wrong and causes great damage to the tree. One or two basic facts about tree physiology are all one needs to know. First, if you cut a branch off flush with the trunk, it leaves a long, oval scar which heals over and is soon a faint pattern in the bark; while a cut stump cannot heal over before the wood has begun to rot. This rot travels into the interior of the trunk and can eventually render the whole trunk hollow and dangerous. Second, a branch cut flush with the trunk produces few or no shoots from the scar, while a cut stump or branch produces dozens; each of these shoots grows rapidly out, up to five or six feet a year, so that after a few years the rotting stump bears twenty or thirty large branches where one grew before, and is then dangerous indeed.

I should like to appeal to each town to make a constructive policy of town landscape development not only for the preservation and replanting of trees, but for the general improvement of the town's open spaces and the seizing of opportunities, however small, to augment

them. A good job, if no one else will do it, for civic societies. Could they not each set themselves to examine their town and draw up a list of improvements, a sort of Red Book, such as Repton used to make for his country gentlemen, showing what could be carried out over a period of years so that when an occasion offers—a jubilee, a coronation, a wedding—of dollars—for which something could be done, it could be done as part of a plan?

I have said a few things about borough engineers. But they are excellent people, and much more to think about than any other public official; the engineer looks after drains, roads, cleansing, public safety and heaven knows what else. It is unfair and unreasonable to expect him to be a landscape expert as well; it is surprising that he knows nothing about trees; his body commits ugliness on purpose, and when the engineer designs a garden it is not his fault if it comes out

Golden Square, South. Many towns in Europe have a town landscape architect, or at least a town verderer to look after the town.

surely England, the home country of the modern landscape movement, should see that all her towns have the same.

—Third Programme



The old sycamore (seen in the middle distance) which leans over the wall of Queen's College, Oxford, 'puts the crowning touch to that wonderful High Street'

The Ruling Class in Russia

(continued from page 960)

It would be wrong to suppose that earlier standards of taste do not survive in Russia, too. Russia's nineteenth century was one of the greatest creative periods in the history of the human mind. Russians are proud of this magnificent achievement. And in fact the Communist Party makes great efforts to develop such pride. It justly boasts of the vast editions of Russian literary classics which it has published in all the languages of the Soviet Union. The Russian intelligentsia in the narrower sense—the writers and teachers and artists—have preserved their great tradition. When they get a chance to speak in its defence, they raise their voice. The recent debates on the novels by Ilya Ehrenburg and Vera Panova are an example. These may not be literary masterpieces, but at least they are a brave attempt to break away from the smug Victorian slogan-mongering that was imposed on writers in Stalin's last years. There has been criticism of the pomposities and silly frills of Soviet architecture, from none other than Khrushchov himself. This is encouraging as far as it goes. But it is significant that a word from the party boss is needed before a change even in architectural taste can get through.

In Britain the children and grandchildren of Victorian business men had wider tastes. What about the children of the Soviet state bourgeoisie? The relation between the generations in Soviet society is an interesting question. The country is ruled today by men who came to the top after the great Yezhov purge of the late nineteen-thirties, men who were between twenty-five and forty in 1939 and are between forty and fifty-five today. Look at the figures of age composition of delegates to the party congresses of 1939 and 1952 and this hits you in the face. The generations older than these people were exterminated by Yezhov. They themselves have had undisputed power for fifteen years. What about those between twenty-five and forty today, not to mention the youth in schools and universities? I am not suggesting that we are going to see another Yezhov purge. Only that the conflict

between the generations, which exists at all times and places in human history, is likely to be especially acute both because the hierarchical system of the Soviet Union is so rigid and because of the extraordinary contrast in opportunities between the youth of today and their parents.

Soviet society has very serious strains and stresses. There are obvious economic strains. The demand of the workers for consumer goods, of the peasants for better conditions, and of the government for bigger crops—these are well known to anyone who reads even its own newspapers. But there are other strains, too. There is the demand of the state bourgeois for personal security for himself and his family for more recognition of his services to society, for less waste of time in party meetings and indoctrination. Here it would be wrong to draw too sharp a line between full-time officials of the party and members of the secular bureaucracy. The functions and attitudes of most party officials are not likely greatly to differ from those of government officials or managers. It is only those party officials who are primarily concerned with propaganda that have essentially different functions and attitudes. Their *raison d'être* is Marxist-Leninist indoctrination. They are the priesthood of the regime. The line of demarcation in fact is not between party and government but runs through the party machine itself.

Regardless of the immediate political prospects, or the rise and fall of individual leaders, social strains and pressures are bound to make themselves felt. The aspirations of managers, intellectuals, and the younger generation are not less real because they are not yet clearly formulated. These people will not consciously imitate their predecessors in Paris or Manchester. But new social conditions produce new demands. Many features of the nineteenth-century European industrial bourgeoisie have appeared in Soviet society. One wonders, will it be followed by the classical claim of the European bourgeois—demand for personal freedom?—Third Programme

Private Report—I

Commonplaces

The first of six talks by DONALD BOYD

I HAVE had something of a surprise lately. I find I have come to the age of sixty. I cannot claim to be a historical monument, or a relic, or even a remain, but I discover I can look back through the whole of the twentieth century—or bits of it at any rate.

I have often thought with fascinated horror of meeting myself as I was forty-five or fifty years ago. On a bicycle, probably, on that much-loved road in Wharfedale, above Bolton Abbey, and I have wondered what he—this obstinate, skinned rabbit—would make of his successor, and how I should answer him. I think I should be frightened. He might ask me what Verlaine asked in one of the most famous of his poems, 'What have you made of your youth?', and I am sure I should be tempted to answer, rather pertly, that the real question should be, what his youth has made of me? There would be some awkward and broken conversation and I think I would say that our personal affairs, his and mine, are of no interest except to ourselves, but that the things that have happened to us, the things that have been happening round us have been the beginnings of a new world. A large claim; but here we are still, confronting each other at the roadside—a good place to begin.

Knowing the Pot-holes

At that age I knew, I believe, every pot-hole in the thirty or forty miles of Wharfedale, and some important ones beyond. It was necessary to know them. If you did not know where the pot-holes were at Strid Bridge, for instance, you might come off rather badly. It was a macadam road, very dusty in summer, muddy in winter, needing constant repair. Robert Smith Surtees, writing about 100 years ago, talks of macadamised roads with joy that almost amounts to a restrained ecstasy. We have as much cause to rejoice now over ours. In those days the motor-car and the motor-bicycle were always in trouble, and this gave us much pleasure. We affected to believe they would not last.

All these things are symptoms of a great mechanical change. We were excited by the deeds of Blériot and Farman; we saw the first air race in Britain. We knew several people who had telephones. Horse transport was being replaced by steam, petrol, electricity; carriages became motor-cars. Balloons were succeeded by flying machines. The development of the telegraph, telephone, and radio brought immediate news from all parts of the earth and from the starry heavens, too, and the newspaper presses turned the reports into almost hourly news.

There was a school in the village then which announced in print that it was 'a school for the sons of gentlemen'. There was another, for girls, which refused to accept my sister under the impression (mistaken, as it happens) that my father was engaged 'in trade'. Some of the best scholars at the grammar school were boys with scholarships from a poorer district, who came by train: train boys, we called them, with some contempt. Now, of course, I daresay some of us would even have difficulty in getting into the grammar school at all. The 'train boys' would have pushed us out, and would go on triumphantly to the university on state or county funds.

People of my age have seen all these things happen in one lifetime. We cannot complain that it has been dull. Even in these things there have been enormous changes; but the changes in the attitude of mind are more striking and more important.

My upbringing was nonconformist, and most of the older people I knew as a child were devoted to nonconformist ideas: moral, religious, and political. They themselves had inherited from their forebears no riches, certainly, but an idea of history as tradition. They knew the Hungry Forties and the game laws and the Napoleonic Wars from the stories of their fathers and grandfathers, and the bitter struggle between themselves and the squire and the parson. They knew something about child apprenticeship in textile mills. They were conscious of the first half of the nineteenth century, and the end of the eighteenth was not at all strange. My grandmother talked about the '45 Rebellion as though it had happened only a little time ago, and as though she had almost seen the characters who took part in it—and it is not really so long ago is it?

They did read, but their ideas of history and politics came largely from personal recollection and family traditions; and this made them hotter and more argumentative, and produced the fine, old, crusted characters whose loss we sometimes regret. (As a matter of fact, they were often very rude.) The great mechanical changes which developed from the industrial revolution were wrought against a mental background of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and a large part of the population were, by origins at least, countrymen. My great-grandmother came south from the lowlands and became mistress of a household of about fifteen children, in an old stone farmhouse on the outskirts of Bradford. Some of them became missionaries and went off to India and Africa. Others emigrated to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. The old lady kept herself informed about their major affairs partly by second-sight. One day, for instance, she calmly sent my father off down the road to meet an uncle who should have been on a sailing ship in the Indian Ocean; they met on the hill-side.

As I see it, suddenly the world changed. The horizon had been a family horizon. Now it was the world, instead of the city, the countryside. And it presented problems which could not be solved by the old moral judgements. Communication and the flood of print required that one should try to understand countries one had never seen. They were world problems, not private problems, and the right of private judgement did not provide the answers. Instead of being members of particular families, enclosed people, we all became single, solitary individuals with responsibilities outside ourselves. The grandmothers, with their recollections of the '45, their matriarchal authority, and their second-sight disappeared, leaving the world, if more adventurous, colder.

I cannot say this worried me much, at the beginning of the twentieth century. My family's influence and affection were close about me still. But I was aware of some of the world's controversies. I can claim even to have taken part in them. As an infant member of a pro-Boer family who wore on occasion a yellow-silk rosette—the Liberal colour in that district—I was handsomely tweaked by the blues. During the Russo-Japanese War I fought on the Russian side behind the school lavatory and was put to flight from the cobbled pavement. I think I chose the Russian side partly because they were large and furry (an association with bears), while the Japanese were small, ugly, yellow; and too clever by half. Casement's reports on slavery in the Belgian Congo and the scandal of slave-grown cocoa were the cause of a fierce quarrel with Sam, my closest friend, which finished with us rolling about on the floor, over a copy of one of E. D. Morel's pamphlets, which Sam said he would treat in the way it deserved. And about this time I began to argue fiercely with my father, telling him that Liberalism was not enough, and that employers—all employers—would yield only to force.

First Steps towards the Welfare State

While I was waiting to make a beginning on a newspaper, Sam's father found me a job as a temporary clerk in a trade-union office. We were issuing for the first time Lloyd George's new insurance cards, and we worked twelve hours a day filling in and registering and stamping hard, shiny, grey cards—skyscrapers of them; and whenever there was a pause, I argued about morals, social obligations, world events, and even, there, in that office, about trades unionism and the first steps of what has now become the Welfare State. This upset Mr. Boot. He said: 'Nothing seems to be sacred to you, Mr. Boyd; I don't know what your family must think of you'. He was seventy; I was seventeen.

I had been working as a reporter for about eighteen months and had just qualified to receive a guinea a week when the first world war broke out and I was swept into it, pretty quick, and I do not think I was ever quite the same again. Since then, we have not been able to help knowing what is happening outside ourselves. We have lived through the slump and another world war. We have a living to earn, and we know that on our abilities to do so will depend the

abilities of the country to pay its way. We have to know something about hard currency and soft currency and what is happening in Formosa, China, India, Argentine, Peru. The scale of understanding necessary in a good citizen has become the size of the world.

These are commonplaces indeed. I think that what is not commonplace, however, is the attitude in which they have been received and endured, and the attitude in which this country is trying to create a new state—the Welfare State, if you like—though that seems to me only one aspect of a change of mind, or of heart.

We have endured forty years of worry without hysteria. There has been no mafficking in this history. We have not tried to evade difficulties by seeking a dictator, nor by wholesale corruption, nor by smashing the political machine. The schooled and moderate mind is the only one for us. Certainly thoughts about money, about taxation, may produce frenzy. But we have had to pay our share of the cost of two world wars, and I think it has been worth it to be free from the commands of the more barbarous of Germans. It is good to conduct our affairs the way we like, to make a new British poverty, or a new sort of wealth. The idea of society, the common good, has become dominating. The two great parties are equally determined upon it, and only differ upon how to do it; how they can manage to do it in a

way as little painful as possible to the people whose opinions, principle, they represent.

I would like to turn back for a minute. There is little to be said for war. Those who have been obliged to fight have had to endure, be patient and controlled. When a war is over the experience may make one feel insecure, but later an idea comes which is a sort of recompense. The soldier may feel that his part was inglorious; but it is the intense battle which counts. Afterwards he will come to a point when he looks to himself that at any rate he did endure. He has earned a conviction of durability. This sort of old-soldierly feeling is something we all share and has a bearing on the times. What we are engaged upon now is a search for a new sort of estate; new in its internal politics and also externally. Few of us have been seriously alarmed at what has been called the re-distribution of wealth—uncomfortable as it must be to some—or at the surrender of a temporal empire. These things do not seem to matter as much as the mind which admits them, and it does not seem extravagant to believe that they were sought, unconsciously perhaps, but still sought. It has been said that the English are the most poetic of people. This must mean that they are not so English as when they are following a poetic idea. I think they are doing so now.—*Home Service*

'The Human Age'

GRAHAM HOUGH on the trilogy by Wyndham Lewis

TO read or re-read one of Wyndham Lewis' books is to arouse a slumbering sense of shame—shame that attention to his writing has been so intermittent. Wyndham Lewis is a writer who ought often to be in our minds. To explain why, I should want to invoke the mythology of Jung. Visitors to the Jungian gallery of archetypes encounter after a time a character called the Shadow. He has been described like this: 'The shadow is the other being in ourselves, the one who wants to do all the things that we do not allow ourselves to do, who is everything that we are not, the Mr. Hyde to our Dr. Jekyll'. Naturally we do not care to recognise his existence; we refuse to do so until he forces himself on our attention. But if we want to attain to knowledge of ourselves we must in the end confront him.

This is the role for which Wyndham Lewis has deliberately cast himself in relation to modern letters. One of his early periodicals was called *Blast*; another was called *The Enemy*. And Wyndham Lewis has steadily been the enemy, blasting most of the manifestations of the culture that he finds about him. Of course there are plenty of literary buccaneers around who affect this attitude: they owe their general acceptance to the choice of the obvious popular Aunt Sallies, and to a manner which allows every reader to exclude himself from the attack. Criticism is subtly flattering until it strikes home; as someone once said to me: 'I like being a masochist until it hurts'. The reading of Wyndham Lewis does not permit one this indulgence. His criticism is harshly intellectual. If you agree with him it is not because he invites complicity but because he exports assent. Mr. Eliot has described him as the most fascinating literary personality of our time; one might add that he is the least ingratiating; and quite consciously so.

When *The Childermass* was first published in 1928, H. G. Wells wrote to the author expressing some concern about the future of such an esoteric work. 'Its potential readers', he said, 'are scattered through the world like particles of gold in a not very auriferous quartz'. The simile is not altogether apt, either qualitatively or numerically; but there is a certain appropriateness in the word scattered. The admirers of Wyndham Lewis have never formed a coherent body of opinion, like the admirers of Joyce, or Lawrence, or T. S. Eliot. And Wyndham Lewis' own work has never coalesced in the public mind into a recognisable literary entity. It may be suspected that many of his readers have a passion for one particular book—*Tarr*, or *Time and Western Man*, or *The Lion and the Fox*—and have perhaps little idea of the extent of his achievement.

So let it be said at the start that Wyndham Lewis has been the most vigorous intellectual pamphleteer of the modern literary scene;

has sketched out, if not elaborated, some of the most formidable literary criticism of our time; and made heavily armed forays into the most difficult philosophical territory. He has written three muscular and disquieting novels—*Tarr*, *The Revenge for Love*, and *Self Obedience*, besides satirical fables such as *The Apes of God*, on the extreme borderland of normal fiction. And this has all been done with the left hand, with a certain disregard of the ordinary literary categories, since this author is by trade a painter, and the visual arts have always had the first claim on his powers.

It is now time to indicate the nature and direction of his attack, and this is difficult. Not because the attack has been uncertain in direction. On the contrary—a few aberrations apart, Wyndham Lewis has been consistent to the point of obsession. But his powerful and bizarre imagination sees tie-ups and connections that are not apparent to everyone. It is quite possible for a reader to share whole-heartedly in some of his detestations, to be uncommitted about others, and to be deeply implicated in the remainder. For Wyndham Lewis himself has made all the objects of his criticism form a single complex. A preoccupation with the time process, *la recherche du temps perdu*; the stream of consciousness as a literary method; homosexuality; the sexualising of the intellectual processes generally; the cult of the child and youth; irrationalism, the exaltation of the belly above the brain, the sensibility above the seeing eye; relativism in all its disguises; the neglect of form—one can hardly open any of his books without finding two or three of these targets peppered by his formidable blunderbuss. And for him all these targets seem to be one target. Some of the linkages are clear enough; others can be dimly divined about others a doubt persists—how far are they real except as part of a psychological network in Wyndham Lewis' own mind?

This total object of his attention could best be described as a composite photograph of the cultural personality of our age, characterised by obsession with the flux, a neglect of clear visible outlines, a sentimentalising of human relations, and a reliance on undirected sensibility rather than objectively orientated intelligence. Whether this time consciousness (certainly one of the notes of our age) is necessarily connected with the other mental and moral disorders that Wyndham Lewis attributes to it remains, I think, unproven. One could expand his elliptical arguments and show just how he gets from one point to another. But this would take five talks, not one, and anyway would hardly be worth doing; for it is the concrete instance rather than the dialectical chain that is his principal weapon. So let us have done with this sketchy introduction and turn to an individual work—to *The Human Age*, the trilogy of fictions (I cannot call them novels) that he has just brought to completion.

The first part, *The Childermass*, came out in 1928. It is only a first part, and is not very readily comprehensible on its own; and if it has attracted less attention than it deserves, this is mainly because the continuation was so long delayed. The first instalment of a serial story for whose second instalment you have to wait twenty-seven years is likely to lose some of its grip on the public attention. However, the two remaining parts have now been completed and will be published very shortly. The second is called *Monstre Gai*, the third *Malign Fiesta*.

A Supernatural Fantasy

The setting of this huge supernatural fantasy is not on this earth: its theme is the life of the world to come. The two principal characters were human beings once, and are now ghosts; others were never human; they are angels, fallen or unfallen; still others are the partly human products of various interbreedings between the human and angelic kinds. The two ex-human characters are Pullman and Satterthwaite, Pulley and Satters. Pullman has been a schoolmaster; later it turns out that he has been a distinguished writer with a considerable if esoteric reputation. Satters has been nothing much—a schoolboy once, a subaltern in the first world war, and we dimly discern some petty position in business. The only connection between them is that Satters has been Pulley's fag at school. They have hardly met again until they meet at the beginning of *The Childermass*, when they find themselves together in a bleak and bewildering plain called the Camp. It turns out to be a kind of limbo in which the ghosts of the newly dead wait to be sorted out to their ultimate destinations. The camp ends at a river bank, and on the other side of the river is the Magnetic City, which Pulley and Satters take to be Heaven.

In this world the ordinary rules of time and space do not apply. Pulley is generally fixated as a schoolmaster, about thirty-eight, but sometimes he reverts to an undergraduate. Satters, a less developed character, is less determinate. Sometimes he is a baby, sometimes a young army officer, but generally a lubberly schoolboy, with a sort of moronic hero-worship for Pulley, punctuated by spasms of resentment. The centre of the camp life is a sort of Greek theatre, where an official from the Magnetic City called the Bailiff interrogates candidates for admission.

The ontological status of the Bailiff is not easy to determine. At this stage we cannot even tell whether he is really a heavenly official or some sort of impostor. He is at any rate the embodiment of the collective enemy against whom Wyndham Lewis' attacks are directed. He is obsessed with time; he sees the human person as a mere flux, a mere becoming, a disturbance in space-time. He is the supernatural analogue of all the forces in the world that prevent the human being from achieving personality. The ghosts in the camp are not persons, and have not become persons by dying; they are merely bits of the flux, cut off at a certain point, permanently arrested: and the Bailiff mocks them for it. The Bailiff's chief opponent is Hyperides, another enigmatic figure. He looks partly like a cynic philosopher, partly like a kind of fascist. He stands at any rate for the masculine, for the defined, against the Bailiff's obsession with the fluid and the unconscious. The Bailiff talks for long spells in a confused parody of a Joycean monologue; Hyperides claims to be a disciple of the Hellenic clarity. The Bailiff is surrounded by a claque of squealing, ambiguous, male bobby-soxers; Hyperides by a tough, para-military formation. Pulley and Satters listen to their prolonged slanging match. They hope to get into the Magnetic City, but the principle on which the Bailiff selects his candidates is not clear. We end *The Childermass*, having witnessed a brilliant display of Lewisian rockets directed against the familiar targets, but we are still in a state of considerable bewilderment about where it is all leading.

Life in the 'Third City'

It leads, in *Monstre Gai*, into the Magnetic City. Pulley and Satters have succeeded in smuggling themselves in. The place turns out not to be Heaven; it is somewhere else; locally it is just called Third City. The inhabitants remain arrested at the age of their death: many of them are fixed in a withered semi-cretinous youthfulness. The Bailiff is a considerable power in the society, though he has many enemies. Against the advice of his first acquaintance in Third City, Pulley allows himself to be taken up by the Bailiff and his crowd. His material circumstances greatly improve; he becomes rather successful as a parasite, and he is moved into a luxury hotel. However, this does not bring him much peace; the atmosphere of the city has been disquieting

all along; the first moment of real horror comes when Pulley realises that he is repeating the pattern of his life on earth. Again he has been seduced by flattery and comfort; again he has allied himself with dubious forces, again he finds himself on the wrong side. The wrongness soon becomes alarmingly evident, but it is too late to draw back. The Bailiff, it turns out, is not a legitimate force in the city. He is a powerful and corrupt usurper. Disorder is continually growing.

The city is shaken by violent explosions—some outer force, either Heaven or Hell is trying to attack it. Hyperides and his followers, who have somehow sneaked into the place, brawl with the Bailiff's party, while the police try to restore order. At one point the Bailiff seems on the point of a real *coup d'état*, with Pulley riding high beside this adroit and cynical monster. Then things begin to go wrong. A hasty withdrawal becomes imperative. The Bailiff decides to return to his own native place, in another quarter of the universe altogether, and he takes Pulley and Satters with him.

Pulley has really known for a long time what the Bailiff's native city is—it is Hell. But of course he and Satters try to persuade themselves that it is not as bad as all that. The first chapters of *Malign Fiesta* are of an unbearable tension. They describe the gradual exploration of the real nature of the infernal city. Most of the time Pulley and Satters are prisoners; and it is from hints and snatches, sometimes threatening, sometimes reassuring, then suddenly of an appalling terror, that Pulley constructs a picture of their real surroundings. The Bailiff has become an abject, petty, and defeated little schemer, who can do nothing to help them. The pit and the torture cells seem to be gaping.

Then, as before, the situation is suddenly transformed. Pulley meets Satan himself, and a very splendid and aristocratic figure he seems to be. He rather takes to Pulley; he can make use of his undoubted talents. And, as before in *Third City*, Pulley soon finds himself in a much more comfortable situation—this time as a professor in the university which Satan has founded for the higher education of the fallen angels. They are not a very intellectual community: indeed, they live a Californian sort of life, in luxurious suburban houses, and have long since delegated the task of tormenting human sinners to half-breeds like the Bailiff. So for the third time Pulley's history repeats itself. He soon finds himself a very well-heeled denizen of infernal society; in fact becomes something like Satan's political adviser.

Of the conclusion I need not now speak—of Satan's plan for altering the constitution of the angelic kingdom, for sexualising the angelic nature by the introduction of women; of the vast fiesta arranged to inaugurate the new regime. This ghastly Walpurgis Night brings the book to a dramatic end.

Analogy with Swift

What are we to think of this extraordinary story? In what literary or ideological context is it to be placed? The obvious analogy is with Swift, whom Wyndham Lewis resembles in more than one way—in the savage purity of his intellectual standards, the inhumanity, the tortured disgust at man's nature as it actually reveals itself. Like *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Human Age* begins with limited and specific targets, goes on to include a wider range of intellectual and moral phenomena, and ends with a comprehensive annihilating blast. At times, particular obsessions and distastes seem to be in the foreground. Then, again, the scene seems to be the whole modern world: *The Childermass* has obvious relations to the intellectual and social scene in the years succeeding the first world war; *Monstre Gai* is equally filled with reminiscences of *l'entre deux guerres* in a later phase—the decadence of the liberal ideal and the rise of fascism; while *Malign Fiesta* seems to take us into a supernaturally swollen analogue of the world of Hollywood and mass communications, with flash-backs to Auschwitz and pre-views of similar coming attractions.

But it should always be remembered that even the most human characters are only ex-human beings; many are not human at all; and the sphere of the work encloses something more comprehensive than the twentieth-century world. Surrounding the whole is the old theology, though curiously altered and rearranged. Purgatory is there, though a Purgatory in which a limited measure of choice is still possible. Hell is there—improved, streamlined, and brought up to date, but still Hell. Somewhere, extremely far away, but still existent, and still engaged in the eternal warfare, is Heaven: Heaven, and its ruler who created the earth and created man. He is not, however, God; he is only a good and powerful angel, the eternal rival to Satan. The ultimate Godhead is infinitely remote, outside the confines of the story altogether. The

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NEWS DIARY

May 25-31

Wednesday, May 25

Number of men on strike in docks increases slightly

Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen rejects proposal by T.U.C. to hold talks with National Union of Railwaymen

Dr. Adenauer discusses foreign policy with his ambassadors from Washington, Paris, and London

Thursday, May 26

Seventy-six per cent. of the population record their votes in the General Election, as compared with eighty-two per cent. in 1951

Talks at the Ministry of Labour to avert the railway strike break down

Soviet delegation to Yugoslavia, led by Mr. Khrushchev, arrives in Belgrade

Agricultural Wages Board rejects farm workers' claim for reduced working hours

Friday, May 27

Conservatives win the General Election

Prime Minister holds Cabinet meeting to discuss industrial situation

Members of National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers reject their executive's recommendation to suspend their strike

Saturday, May 28

Final election results show Conservative majority of fifty-nine seats over all other parties

Railway strike called by A.S.L.E.F. begins at midnight

Police and troop reinforcements flown to French Cameroons after riots there

Sunday, May 29

Strike brings main line railways almost to a standstill. Sir Anthony Eden broadcasts about strike. Emergency arrangements are announced by Government

Communist riot takes place in west Berlin
British wireless operator is released by Chinese Communists after having been held prisoner for nearly five years

Monday, May 30

Under one-fifth of the railway drivers due to report for duty on British Railways do so; only a few passenger trains are operated. Road and air traffic is heavy

Four American airmen, held prisoner in China since war, are released

Tuesday, May 31

H.M. the Queen proclaims a state of emergency under which Orders in Council are published to meet difficulties caused by railway strike. Many traffic jams occur on main roads

20,000 men are on strike in docks and over 150 ships idle



Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister, and Lady Eden photographed on their return to 10 Downing Street on May 27, the day after the General Election. Sir Anthony expressed his gratitude to his supporters for a historic Conservative victory



A general view of the crowds when the election was declared on the



The scene at Liverpool Street Station, London, on the first day of the railway strike which was called by the footplatemen at midnight on May 28. The main line railways were brought almost to a standstill by the strike and the London terminuses were largely deserted



President Tito visit of friend Communist Soviet Prime

Right: Phil



Piccadilly Circus, London, to watch the results of the General Election on May 26. Heavy rain fell and there were no extra late buses or taxis to take people home.



Rt. Hon. Clement Attlee, leader of the Labour Party, centre, with Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, right, and Mr. Morgan Phillips, secretary of the Party, left, discussing the results of the General Election at Transport House on May 27.



A plaster model of H.M. the Queen on horseback from which a new Great Seal of the Realm and Seal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer have been prepared. It is the work of Mr. Gilbert Ledward, R.A.



A new record was achieved at the White City, London, on May 28 when the first three runners in the mile race all finished the course in under four minutes. It was won by Laszlo Tabori of Hungary, and Chris Chataway and Brian Hewson of Britain were second and third.



Nikita Khrushchev, secretary of the Soviet delegation, sitting at a table, talking to his Russian guests who arrived in Belgrade on May 26. On the left is Mr. Khrushchev, secretary of the Soviet delegation. On the right is Marshal Bulganin, the head of the Soviet delegation. The Soviet delegation left Belgrade on May 30 on a tour of the country.



Acropolis, winning the Derby at Epsom from Panaslipper and Acropolis on May 25.

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forces that bear directly on human life are a jumble of inferior powers, engaged in a complicated tangle of history and intrigue, an infinite confusion of marches and counter-marches, yet all inevitably placed in some relation to the eternal dividing line—the line between good and evil.

To sum up, *The Human Age* is a vast pageant; it has the confusion and the irrationality of human experience itself, and, like human

experience itself (as some people still believe), it has a rationality underlying the confusion. It is about a number of things—about the British intelligentsia, about the intellectual scene at large, about the writer and his position in the modern world, about the corruption of wealth and the equally terrifying corruption of poverty: all the topics of the dirtiest sheet of your yellowest evening newspaper can be found in it; and it is also about the four last things—Death, Judgement, Hell, and Heaven.—*Third Programme*

Good Behaviour

The last of three talks by HAROLD NICOLSON

I PROPOSE, here, to examine two types of civility, the first of which placed major emphasis on aesthetic and intellectual values, and the second of which was based upon the exploitation of special states of feeling. My first example will be the ideal of the beautiful and the good, the *Kalos Kagathos*, of fifth-century Athens; my second will be the conceptions of chivalry and knightly service.

We have always been assured that the Greeks of the best period achieved a perfect balance between what they called music and gymnastics, or as we should say between the intellectual and the athletic. It might be thought that the immense importance that they attached to the athletic festivals at Olympia and elsewhere, the amount of time they all spent training in gymnasiums and wrestling schools, and the tremendous odes composed by Pindar in honour of local long-distance runners and boxers, suggest that their real interests lay in the cult of the body rather than in that of the mind. It is true that the Greeks attached to beauty an importance such as we should regard as misplaced. One of the many words that they used to signify vulgarity was the word *apeirokalia*, meaning thereby an inability to appreciate beautiful things. It is true that Socrates could define the purpose of all education as 'the love of loveliness'. It is true that even austere people, such as Xenophon or Aristotle, could contend that good looks in a man were among the most blessed of the gifts that the gods could bestow, and that to be personally ugly was a misfortune which 'sullied happiness'. Socrates, who was at a marked disadvantage when the conversation turned upon such subjects, argued that by 'beauty' was intended not the beauty of the body but the beauty of the soul; yet even he sharply rebuked young Epigenes for allowing his muscles to become flabby, and in the privacy of his own apartment the old man would practise Swedish exercises, or what they called 'gesticulations', in a fruitless attempt to keep his figure in more gainly proportions.

Yet, in fact, most of the wisest of Greek teachers and poets condemned too much interest in games as 'a useless pleasure', and both Plato and Aristotle warn gymnastic instructors not to specialise on any one branch of sport or upon any particular group of muscles. Naturally, an Athenian boy was expected to spend most of his day in the open air, throwing quoits, wrestling naked with his companions, or running races under the olive trees of the Academy. Yet the purpose of such training was to render him more beautiful rather than to render him muscular or good.

The Free and Outspoken Mind

What the Athenians really admired was *parresia*, the free and outspoken mind, and for that purpose they believed that education should aim at rendering the individual, as Pericles said, 'capable of the most varied forms of activity and able to adapt himself to different circumstances with versatility and grace'. Similarly Aristotle argues that education should be valued 'not because it is necessary or useful, but because it is liberal and beautiful'. To an Athenian, the assertion of Thomas Hughes that it is better to win a house-match than a Balliol scholarship would have seemed vulgar and inane.

The seventeen virtues demanded of the Athenian gentleman, or *Kalos Kagathos*, were in truth exacting. He must possess the intellectual qualities of reason, wisdom, knowledge, common sense, and efficiency. He must possess the moral virtues of justice, temperance, courage, generosity, high ambition, good temper, pride, truthfulness, wit, a sense of shame, magnificence, and affability. The words they used for these splendid endowments were majestic words, such as *sophrosune*, *megaloψuchia*, *eleutheriotes*, *dikaiosune*, or *megaloψrepeia*.

These great words stalk slowly, like a procession of draped elephants, through the pages of their philosophers; and at the end of the procession trots a little white lamb, *kai philia tis*, meaning 'a certain friendliness', or 'a certain gift for affection'.

The Greeks had no conception of the dignity of labour, and for them leisure, by which they meant walking and talking, was 'that most exquisite of delights'. Although of course they drew a sharp distinction between the free-born citizen and the artisan or the slave, they did not attach any importance to what we, in the nineteenth century, used to call 'social position'. When Alcibiades remarked that virtue seemed to be a speciality of Athenian gentlemen, Socrates asked, 'But what do you mean by gentlemen? Do you mean the intelligent or the unintelligent?' 'I mean the intelligent' answered Alcibiades humbly. Thus, to qualify as a *Kalos Kagathos*, the Athenian type of gentleman, one had to start with three essentials, namely personal good looks, a capacity for aesthetic appreciation, and a nimble intelligence. The *Kaloi Kagathoi* therefore must, as Socrates complained, have been very few.

Defects of Virtue

Although I agree that the Athenian type of civility, in that it concentrated upon splendid virtues, aestheticism, adaptability, a free mind, and a versatile intelligence, was in many ways the most admirable type evolved by human beings, yet I admit that it had grave faults. In the first place, it also was based upon the system of slavery which must always prove degrading both to young and old. In the second place, it relegated women to the condition of squaws, the Athenian matron being little more than a domestic servant, given much to drinking, and spending her days and nights in the women's quarters, gossiping with the slave women and munching beans. As wives and mothers the Athenian women were despised. 'Is there any person', says Socrates to Critobulus, in referring to his wife, 'with whom you converse less?' This mispraisal of respectable women created the institution of the *hetairai*, such as Aspasia, Lais, or Pythionice, who were, like the Japanese geishas, specially trained to provide pleasure for men. And, in the third place, the fact that pederasty was a universal and much-esteemed practice among the Greeks rendered their adolescents self-conscious and intolerable. To be admired and flattered by such men as Socrates and Agathon was bad for their characters, nor in later life did they reflect much credit on the wonderful teaching they had received when listening to Socrates in the wrestling school of Taureas, or to Plato among the olives of the Academy. Critias became one of the Thirty Tyrants and put Autolycus to death; the latter's father was one of the three who prosecuted Socrates for corrupting the younger generation; and Charmides, the prize pupil of the time, continued, so Xenophon tells us, to be coy and blushing for the rest of his life. Mr. Thomas Hughes and Tom Brown, were they listening to this, would exclaim in unison, 'Well, if you allow all that nonsense at school what can you expect?' I expect that men thus educated and inspired should produce within a single century works of art and literature, philosophy and science, which remain incomparable. And they did.

In conclusion, I pass from the Greek insistence on aesthetic and intellectual values to those strange states of feeling regarded as admirable by the age of chivalry which, although it started earlier and lingered later, reached its full flowering in the century between A.D. 1250 and 1350. I am not concerned with the rise and decay of the feudal system, with the crusades, and with those special theories of loyalty and dedication evolved by those systems and events. I am con-

turned with the type of civility produced during those centuries when every lad was a page, every squire the servant of a knight, and every knight the pledged slave to some beautiful and aloof lady. To us these fourteenth-century theories on love appear stilted, artificial, fantastic. Yet after the murk of the dark ages, the banners and lances, the flags fluttering from castle towers, the sound of troubadours strumming mandolines at the edge of moats, come as a bright relief patterned in light pink, and blue, and gold. It may seem chilling to us that young men should have been expected to sigh for the love of some lady whom they may never have seen and who was not supposed to display the slightest response to their worship. *La princesse lointaine* has always seemed to me an unsatisfactory sort of heroine, nor do I feel that I should have felt either satisfied or competent had I been summoned before a Court of Love. The whole apparatus was of course more or less of an allegory in which young men, riding armed through forests, played histrionic parts, and young women peering from battlements egged them on to deeds, which may sometimes have been doughty, but which were usually very dirty indeed. The knight errant, I fear, frequently became indistinguishable from a robber baron or even a highwayman. But that is not the point.

The point is that the myths, legends, or fictions of chivalry did lighten the heavy fears and suspicions inherited from the dark ages. They themselves called it 'the gay science'—*le gay saber*; to them the worship of damsels in distress appeared as the refinement of love, *le fin Amour*; to them the virtues of reverence, loyalty, courage, and enterprise, the necessity of loving delicately, *d'aimer moult finement*, was part of their motto and endeavour to enjoy life while the sun still shone and youth tingled in the arteries. Of course, the type of civility advocated by the troubadours and the authors of the *Chansons de Geste* had many defects. These squires and knights, whatever Chaucer may have said about his own pet squire, were almost totally illiterate. Many of them were just frankly out for loot, and their behaviour was all too often rapacious and cruel. The lovely ladies who peeped over the battlements were often both stupid and unwashed. And the whole system, like that of our own public schools, made no provision for middle age; the bleary eyed knight, sitting in his smokey chamber without hawk or hound, without crusade or tournament, must have been a horrible spectacle. Yet let us not despise Bernard de Ventadour or Charnides; each represented a facet in the jewel of civility; and they were facets that shone.—*Third Programme*

The Playwright's Progress

By EDWARD KNOBLOCK

In introducing this talk, JOHN VERE said:

Edward Knoblock, who died ten years ago, was a great friend of my father's and I had known him ever since I was a child. 'Uncle Ed', as I called him, was a fabulous personality in my boyhood, not only because he had been to Hollywood and knew Charlie Chaplin, but also because his two houses, in Montague Place, London, and Clifton Terrace, Brighton, contained the most beautiful pictures, works of art, and furniture that I had ever seen. I remember, when I was about twelve, going with my brother to lunch with him in Montague Place, and being so fascinated by his wonderful Chinese dining-room that I could hardly eat anything. Later, when I got to know him well, I realised that, witty and amusing as he could be, underneath he had a deeper understanding and sympathy with human nature than anyone I have ever known—no-one who was down on his luck came to him for help in vain—and this human sympathy illumines all his work.

His knowledge of everything connected with the theatre was astounding, from the history of furniture and costume to stage-management and the art of acting. Perhaps his most famous plays are 'Milestones', in which he collaborated with Arnold Bennett; 'Kismet', from which the musical play now running both in London and New York is adapted; and 'My Lady's Dress'. But altogether he wrote more than a hundred plays, including the novels which he dramatised, such as 'Evensong' with Beverley Nichols, 'Grand Hotel' with Vicki Baum, and 'The Good Companions' with J. B. Priestley. He also wrote novels himself, short stories, his autobiography, and film scenarios, such as 'The Three Musketeers' and 'The Thief of Bagdad' with Douglas Fairbanks, Senior. I was recently looking through his manuscripts and I came across some notes for a talk which he evidently intended to give to students of play-writing. I thought these notes so interesting that I put them together. Here is the result.

SOMEWHERE on his journey to the Celestial City in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Christian asks the shepherd, 'Is this the way to the Celestial City?' and the shepherd replies, 'You are just in your way'. Christian asks again, 'How far is it thither?' and the shepherd says, with a certain non-committal evasion, 'Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed'.

Now I feel that the only way to get 'thither' in anything in life is by plodding steadily onwards. It certainly is so in the theatre. Just exactly how I, in my own particular way, set out to become a playwright and how I walked, and how at times I lost my way, will be the subject of this talk. My story may prove an example of the vicissitudes of a playwright's life—and possibly it may come as a warning or a deterrent; but I doubt it. I have never heard of anyone who has profited very greatly by the experience of others, particularly by their mistakes.

As a child I never liked reading novels, except the bits of dialogue, but I always loved reading plays. I wrote my first play at the age of

fourteen, about a Christmas tree, and quarrelled with my brother who refused to play in it because his part was neither a patriotic part nor a drunken part. Consequently, I had to play both parts—the hero and the ogre—and whenever I was off-stage, I had also to play the piano while changing my costume. From eighteen to twenty-two, at Harvard, I wrote and acted in numerous plays and decided to be a playwright. I went to Paris in 1896 and hoped to succeed in one year, but I had to work hard for fourteen years before a play of mine was a big success.

After nine months in Paris, during which I went to the theatre almost every night and sat in the gallery with the *claque*, I decided to go to London. There I started writing in earnest. I also went on tour, playing a small part in a play called 'The Dovecote' all over England. I received £2 10s. a week and managed to live on £1 a week by eating rabbit and herrings and drinking tea most of the time. I remember playing at Belfast, where the heating of the theatre was out of order and the atmosphere so cold that clouds of steam poured out of the actors' mouths as they talked!

On my return to London, I met Bernard Shaw and acted in the first performance of 'You Never Can Tell'. All the time I was writing various plays, and did my reading sometimes at the British Museum, and sometimes at the library in Paris, where I would go when funds were very low—at that time France was cheaper to live in than London. I began to read up for an oriental play based on *The Arabian Nights*, but as yet I had no definite character or story in mind. Then I helped Lena Ashwell run the Kingsway Theatre. While I was there I read 7,000 plays in two years, or roughly about ten a day, working from 9 a.m. to 1 a.m., and on Sundays from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. I also re-wrote about twelve plays and saw to the scenery and costumes for the actors. I received what was then considered a very high salary for play-reading—£4 a week, finally raised to £6.

When the Kingsway broke up I went to Paris, where I wrote 'Kismet'. I went to Tunis first for local colour, then returned to Paris and worked hard, seeing almost no one and living entirely for the play. It took me about four months to write it, and there is not a line in 'Kismet' for which I cannot show some reference in *The Arabian Nights*. I returned to London with it and read it to Sir Herbert Tree. While I read it to him, he granted people interviews, ate his breakfast, had his portrait painted, made jokes, and did not listen. He asked me to re-write it on lines he suggested, having vaguely got the plot of it.

After 'Kismet' was rejected by Tree, I went to America, where I was further depressed because it was rejected by every manager in New York. Suddenly I got a cable from Oscar Asche in London. He had had a failure with a new play and had somehow heard of my oriental play. It was sent to him, he read it at once, and within twenty-



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four hours agreed to do it. I took the ship for England, rehearsals began, and we produced it five weeks later at the Garrick Theatre. That was in April, 1911. 'Kismet' was a tremendous success. It ran for about two years in England, was played in at least eight or ten languages, including Japanese; and at once all the managers in New York, who had refused the play, were tumbling over each other to secure the rights. I am telling you all this to show you that the fortunes of a production are inscrutable. One manager throws a play into the waste-paper basket; another fishes it out and makes a success of it. One can never tell.

After 'Kismet', Tree always called me his 'greatest financial failure', but added gracefully, 'also one of my greatest artistic failures'.

When I met Arnold Bennett, I told him of an idea I had had for a play ever since I was a boy—a play of three generations. We wrote 'Milestones' together, I supplying the full scenario after long consultation with him, he writing the dialogue and I cutting it down. It was in this way that we always worked together afterwards. It took us exactly twenty-four days to write 'Milestones'—that is, after I had given him the scenario.

After the first world war, although I wrote several plays, I was not satisfied with them until I finally got the idea for my play called 'The Lullaby'. I had just made a full scenario of this when I had a telegram from Hollywood asking me to work in motion pictures. I took the ship and locked myself into my cabin on the whole way over, only coming upstairs for a breath of air after dinner. I had myself called every morning at 5 a.m. by the steward, and finished all four acts of 'The Lullaby', writing the last words as we entered New York Harbour. I did this because I thought that once I started working on pictures, my mind would be diverted from the play; and I mention it to show that if you have learned your technique thoroughly and have an orderly scenario, by application you can get a play done in a very short time.

As you can see, my experience has been varied, as a playwright's should be. Apart from the writing, I have always considered it a part of my business to know about scenery, costumes, the various periods, production, stage management, incidental music and lighting, and so on. I think that is all part of a playwright's job, as well as watching the older actors in various parts and the new ones as they come along.

So we come to the subject of technique. As soon as you get your main idea for a play, write it out on a few sheets of paper and put the date at the top, fold up the paper and put it away. Let this idea be one which contains some comment or philosophy of life—not just a situation. About a week or so later, write out the idea again, without referring to the first draft; date that and put it away. Do this about three or four times. Finally, look at all the drafts and you will find that the vital and fundamental ideas are in all of them: you will only have added different details, some of which may be valuable and others valueless. It is for you to decide which are worth keeping.

You should also write small descriptions of each character in your play. Write about what they are doing and what their habits are. You should always know what your characters are busying themselves with during the play, whether they are on or off the stage. Think of your play at odd moments and have note-books. Start out by writing a rough scenario and then fill it in. A good mechanical way of getting fresh ideas for a play is to try various combinations of various characters. By this I mean that if you have a scene of A with B, and a scene of B with C, try to see whether you can have a scene of A with C, and whether this will develop your characters and your play.

Get the names of your characters fixed as early as you can in the writing of a play. It is difficult to change their names later on, when the characters have become living people to you. Get suggestions for names in newspapers, catalogues, lists of ships' passengers, etc. But be careful not to use names of actual living people as they sometimes make trouble, particularly if the characters are not sympathetic. If you use a foreign name, make it as easily pronounceable for the actors as possible and understandable to the audience. Make the descriptions of your characters as short as possible. Make your stage directions short and also the descriptions of your scenes. A simple stage plan of your set is a sensible thing to insert in a manuscript. Draw the plan of your set roughly before you begin writing, so that you can visualise the movement of your characters.

Do not give too many stage directions—this cramps the actors. Experienced actors will often give excellent readings themselves which you have not thought of. They may also feel more comfortable in one corner of the stage than another, or sitting, or standing, or rising at certain moments to emphasise certain points. It is wise to leave some of this to the discretion of the artist; moreover, it can be arranged at rehearsals. Keep your manuscript as clear as possible of any cluttering and unnecessary details.

As far as your writing goes, be ruthless to it; cut out sentences and speeches, if necessary. See that every speech is in character and can be understood by the reader without having to look at the name of the character who speaks it. Do not make them talk like Rosenkranz and Gildenstern. Do not necessarily make your characters sympathetic; that is an old-fashioned and false idea; make them true to their nature, and then they will gain the sympathy of your audience. Do not be afraid of giving your idea full rein. Do not trim it to what you think the public wants. Each time you do that you narrow it. Do not write with a view to some definite actor or actress playing the part. This also narrows your conception. Often an actor will find new powers of his own in a fresh character. Never twist a situation for the sake of an effective or a funny line. Let the line come out of the situation.

If you decide to dramatise a novel, get an intelligent friend to read it first and tell you the plot. Then make the scenario from what this person tells you, before you read the novel. He or she will instinctively drop away all unnecessary padding and give you the bones of the story. When you have made the scenario, read the novel and fill in. When preparing to write plays, talk to people, to everyone you meet. I have had many ideas from talking to bus conductors, waiters, etc.—people who have no affectations and know the realities of life.

It is undoubtedly difficult to reach success in the theatre, just as it is difficult in any other profession; but it is even more difficult to follow up that success and keep abreast with the times. Every success makes the next success more difficult. Therefore keep yourselves open to new ideas. Remember, what is new today is old tomorrow: do not turn your back on novelty. You yourself have laughed at the ideas of the last generation and you will quickly become an older generation yourself unless you manage to forge ahead. At the same time, do not be servile in always rushing after the very latest.

You are bound to have plenty of disappointments, but turn them into experience and your experience into success. The only thing is to go on working, to plod, to hope, to despair, and still to go on plodding till at last you will reach the Celestial City, which, in the playwright's case, I take to be a decent reputation with the public and the respect of your fellow craftsmen.—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Need for More Exports

Sir,—Mr. Marris, in his letter in THE LISTENER of May 19, suggests that exports vary with the ratio of import prices to export prices, and in his article in *Economica* has tried to establish a mathematical formula linking the two. This formula comes close to fitting the historical data, though it by no means fits them exactly and consistently, and it only helps us to predict what will happen to the one variable if we are not equally in the dark about the other—as we generally are. Mr. Marris does not limit himself, however, to insisting on the value of his formula for economic forecasting, but interprets it

causally and suggests that a specific value can be assigned to the adverse change in the terms of trade likely to arise from a desired change in the volume of exports. This I believe to be mistaken, though I did not attempt in my broadcast to give my reasons in detail. I am not conscious of having misrepresented Mr. Marris, although in setting out the issue I did not, for the sake of brevity, introduce on all appropriate occasions the clause 'at a given level of import prices'.

It is a corollary of Mr. Marris' thesis that in recent years £1-worth of imports have been costing us £3-worth of exports and the practical

upshot of the debate is whether the thesis and the corollary have been so firmly established that they can safely be taken as the basis of our commercial policy. On this question, I do not think that there is much room for doubt.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

A. K. CAIRNCROSS

Foundations of Western Values

Sir,—It is a pity that Mr. O'Regan (THE LISTENER, May 26) should accuse Sir John Maud of anarchy, when the real issue between them is the meaning of the word 'integrity'.

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W. R. Matthews

The Trustees of the Fund are the Lord Mayor of London, the Governor of the Bank of England, and Sir Noel Bowater, Bt. An illustrated leaflet explaining the needs in detail will be sent on application to the Secretary, St. Paul's Campaign, St. Paul's Cathedral, E.C.4.

to Sir John it means one thing, being honest and true to oneself; to Mr. O'Regan it means another thing, being willing to follow the majority, no matter whether it is right to do so. I thought Sir John hit the nail on the head when he said that 'in the last resort' the individual may overrule the claims of party, trade union, etc. The only question is 'At what age and for what reasons can this be done?' Only one answer is acceptable: 'If the claims of age, party, etc., are immoral, the individual must stand firm against them'. It must never be a case of 'My country (or party, trade union, etc.) right or wrong'. Each person must do the right thing as he or she sees it in any and every circumstance, no matter what the consequences. Mr. O'Regan is incorrect in thinking that integrity is possible in communist (or similarly governed) countries. Blind obedience to the dictates of such a government makes moral choice impossible.

To conclude, may I remind Mr. O'Regan of 'Polonius' words to Laertes:

This above all; to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

This is true integrity.

Yours, etc.,

Dereham

S. WEBB

Formosa: Bone of Contention

Sir,—I am afraid Mr. Y. S. Chen fails to distinguish between, on the one hand, Japanese enunciation of sovereignty over Formosa, which has certainly taken place, and China's ultimate right to Formosa, which no one disputes; and, on the other hand, the actual transfer of sovereignty over Formosa to China, which has not yet taken place in accordance with well-established rules of international law. No unilateral statements by China, Japan, U.S.A., or anyone else can alter this situation.

Yours, etc.,

'Barrister-at-Law'

Economics as an Applied Science

Sir,—After reading the text of his recorded talk on 'Economics as an Applied Science' (THE LISTENER, May 26), some of your readers will, I am sure, share in the feeling of regret at Dr. Buckatzsch's untimely death.

As a student interested in the application of economics to some of the problems of the West Indies, I would have welcomed an elaboration by Dr. Buckatzsch of certain of the points raised in his talk. What a host of problems, for example, lie hidden beneath his statement that in practice, measurement in economics means measuring the national income.

For the student of areas such as the West Indies, the problem is not merely what to measure, but how to measure. National income is sometimes considered as having risen when output, in quantitative terms, is larger in one year than in the previous year. But, what if part of that output never reaches the market or is never used? What if part is dumped or burnt because there is no market for it? Should national income be considered in terms of output, or of output that is sold? If the latter, should the money value of the marketed output be ignored and only the quantity be reckoned? Is it not sometimes the case that a smaller marketed output at one period yields a higher money value than a larger output at some other period? In which period, then, would be the greater national income?

These questions are not as absurd as may at first appear. If output is all that matters, the West Indian islands might well continue, for example, to grow all the sugar cane of which they are physically capable. If, however, the

national income depends on the output for which there is a market, then a curtailment of output may—as in the case of Jamaica at present—prove absolutely necessary. But, so long as the money proceeds from the marketed output do not fall, and these proceeds can buy the same quantities of other goods as before, can it be said that national income is lower merely because output, in quantitative terms, is less?

There are other problems, such as the measurement of goods and services produced for consumption by the producer and not for market purposes. How should those be valued? At market prices? But, if such goods and services had in fact been marketed, might not the market prices have been affected? Should they be valued at factor cost? But how to value the part-time services of a family growing vegetables or raising poultry for their own consumption? No one in the West Indies today is a full-time producer for his own consumption only. He must produce something for sale; otherwise how would he obtain the things he cannot produce for himself?

These difficulties in applying economics are not new, but that does not make their solution any easier. They have a particular relevance at the moment in areas which are concerned to know whether they are making any economic progress. How should they measure progress?

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

J. O'NEIL LEWIS

'Son and Lover'

Sir,—Mr. Trotter in a letter to you states that in 'all the Lawrence biographies' to which he has had access there is the 'mis-statement' that the Warren Gallery was closed by the police; and he mentions me by name. If he will look at the account published in my biography of D. H. Lawrence (*Portrait of a Genius, But . . .* pages 341-342) he will find that I did not say the Warren Gallery was 'closed by the police' or 'closed by the authorities' or anything of the kind. What I said was that 'thirteen of Lawrence's pictures were removed, along with four copies of Stephensen's reproductions, and a volume of drawings by William Blake'.

Mr. Trotter does not seem to have had access to many biographies of Lawrence. There is no mention of the police closing the Warren Gallery in Frieda Lawrence's book of reminiscences, nor in Earl Brewster's *D. H. Lawrence*, nor in Mrs. Carswell's *Savage Pilgrimage*, though she does say that 'all the pictures' were 'confiscated'. I do not think that the topic of the Warren Gallery exhibition is even mentioned in E. T.'s *D. H. Lawrence* or Helen Corke's *Lawrence and Apocalypse* or Ada Lawrence's *Early Life of D. H. Lawrence*; though of course these books deal almost wholly with his early life. The subject is correctly reported in Edward D. McDonald's *A Bibliographical Supplement*; and I am left wondering in which books on Lawrence Mr. Trotter finds the statement that the Warren Gallery was 'closed by the police', unless indeed in Mr. Moore's book which I have not read. I cannot find it mentioned in Mrs. Luhan's *Lorenzo in Taos* or in Dorothy Brett's *Lawrence and Brett*, nor do I remember that there is anything about the Warren Gallery in Middleton Murry's two books, nor in Knud Merrild's *A Poet and Two Painters*. These are the main first-hand records of Lawrence, so I am left wondering where Mr. Trotter has found this calumny on the Warren Gallery? It is true that William White's *A Checklist of Lawrence items between 1931 and 1950* contains over 700 entries, and there have been many since.

Yours, etc.,

Montpellier

RICHARD ALDINGTON

A Failed Masterpiece

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of May 26, Mr. T. Bridde exhorts me not to be too dogmatic in my account of the remark made by Lawrence on a certain occasion. It was at my marriage in St. James's Square at the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters (with whom my wife had served) that Lawrence and Professor Namier came together, and, when asked for their names by the butler, Lawrence said: 'Mr. Lenin and Mr. Trotsky'. The butler announced 'Mr. Lenin and Mr. Trot-', and then realised that Lawrence was making fun of him. I have no need to follow Mr. Bridde's advice to go to an authoritative account.

Yours, etc.,

Kidlington

LIONEL CURTIS

A Trip to Ephesus

Sir,—I have been travelling and have only just seen the letters you printed from Miss Rose Macaulay and Mr. A. H. Hanson about a short broadcast of mine on Ephesus last March (THE LISTENER, March 24).

Miss Macaulay has really answered her own query. I did not mention the famous temple of Diana because it no longer exists, and there is nothing to see. After being plundered by Nero, burned by the Goths, and finally destroyed by the iconoclasts, the temple ruins were later quarried for stone, some of which, I believe, now forms part of St. Sophia in Istanbul. The encroachment of the marsh at Ephesus has since erased nearly all traces of the site. Little is left today of Hogarth's excavations fifty years ago except a hole in the ground which the local people still call the English Hole. He was followed in the 'twenties by the Austrian Archaeological Institute, but their digging, too, has been discontinued. These and other points might—perhaps ought to—have been made, but there was no time in a three-minute broadcast.

Mr. Hanson has reason to complain that, as printed, the Library of Celsus became the Library of Selçuk, the name of a Turkish village nearby. I wrote and spoke 'Celsus', however; apparently, an error in transcription made me seem to leap into another language and another millennium.

Yours, etc.,

Belgrade

RICHARD WILLIAMS

Clara Novello' (whose story is told by Averil Mackenzie-Grieve, in *Clara Novello*, Bles, 18s.), became a great opera singer, so considered even by Italians, and a profoundly cherished oratorio singer in England. She married an Italian count and with remarkable success led five lives; as daughter (that continued in hardly abated vigour until she was thirty-six, ending only with her mother's departure from the scene), as wife, as mother of four, as opera singer, and as the idol of the Three Choirs Festivals where she was always calm and charming and sang 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' so as to bring tears to all eyes. And she finished up as a witty widow of ninety (all but a few months) in Rome, where a young man called George Dyson one day played Debussy to her. He visited her often, so she must have liked him, but she did not particularly like Debussy's music. After all, had not Rossini written for her cadenzas in 'La Sonnambula' and for 'I Puritani di Scozia'? She belonged there, and by this time she was looking on at life, a matter she knew much about.

Hers being the days before the gramophone could record or the tape-recorder eavesdrop, she who was chiefly a voice did indeed die completely in 1908. We shall never know the Clara Novello who enchanted those audiences. But there is now this book and she is fortunate posthumously. For Miss Mackenzie-Grieve has done her work excellently. Manifestly she has enjoyed living with Clara's ghost; otherwise she could not have written so entertainingly and kept the entertainment going so easily.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

THE invention of the convenient material known as hardboard appears to have had a considerable effect on the character of the paintings produced by young artists at the present time.

To begin with, it has allowed or encouraged them to paint large pictures; if they had been painted on canvas the capital outlay on the twenty-six pictures which Mr. Jack Smith is now showing at the Beaux Arts Gallery would have been altogether unreasonable. Painting large as a regular practice is bound to influence an artist's style in a number of ways, but in recent years the most obvious effect has been to promote public painting, the kind of picture which, in theory at any rate, should hang in a public place and immediately attract the attention of a crowd. No longer does the young artist breathe an idiosyncratic whisper into the ear of the private collector; instead he declaims as if he had to stop the passers-by in a busy street. This is, of course, in line with the doctrine of social realism; in pictures designed for the small rooms of a private house the artist may always be tempted to take a flattering view of nature, but in public places, especially when there is some positive intention to denounce the squalors and miseries of modern civilisation, the harsh conviction of the image counts for more than any charm. In France the political intention is certainly more conscious and overt than in this country, and perhaps this distinction is reflected in the fact that French realists specialise in street scenes and views of industrial districts, while English realists rather favour interiors of kitchens or other workaday parts of the house. In France they expose the afflictions of a whole quarter, but in England Mr. Smith complains of the sink.

The drawback to hardboard, as a support to a picture, is that it gives rather too slippery a surface unless it is primed with altogether exceptional care. But this will not trouble the kind of painter who goes in for energetic brushwork and violently rhythmical handling; just as it does not matter, except to the conservation departments of museums, if Van Gogh and Gauguin used poor canvas, so Mr. Smith's vigour of attack is really incompatible with any refinement of surface texture and certainly compensates for its loss. Thus the use of hardboard encourages the cult of intensity and a certain expressionist violence which is apparent not only in Mr. Smith's own painting but in most of the works of the school to which he belongs. For his present exhibition he has gone to Spain and shows several particularly large paintings of bull-fighting; it may be thought that in these subjects he has rather gone out of his way to look for violence and tried to introduce intensity of emotion in too deliberate and artificial a way. There is, in fact, a much greater impression of immediacy and stress in some of his domestic scenes like 'Woman Washing Hands', and 'Portrait of a Girl with Red Hair', and in these paintings there may be more easily noticed the increased firmness and grasp of form which Mr. Smith has certainly gained since his previous exhibition.

For the sculptor plaster, especially when used as a medium for

carving, is very much the equivalent of the painter's hardboard often has a similar effect on this art. A very rough surface, jagged forms, and anguish of expression conceal or compensate for the defects of this material and so what may have at first been devised for a merely negative effect eventually form the positive elements of a style. Miss Elizabeth Frink, who is holding her first one-man exhibition of sculpture and drawings at the St. George's Gallery, shows a number of animals in plaster in which the most is made both of the medium and of the possibilities of this style. There is an inner as well as an outer and obvious vitality in these strange and evidently suffering creatures, altogether alien to humanity and guided by unfathomable

purposes of their own; the sculptor's sense of design exerts a controlling influence on what might first be thought the purely accidental aberrations of her abrupt and broken forms. Her portrait heads are also vividly alive and modelled with a clear understanding of their solidity, but there is, it may be thought, a disproportionate and even incongruous accuracy in her reporting of detail. In Mr. Smith, Miss Frink sometimes tries to acquire intensity by representing scenes of violence, but here also, in her sculptures and drawings of men fighting, the approach seems to be too direct and the result is, paradoxically enough, a certain dryness and abstraction.

Mr. Piper's method is the exact opposite of that of the hardboard men. In



Aberayron Fields, by John Piper: from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

oils and gouaches at the Leicester Galleries depend very largely on their interest on the elaboration of surface and the variations of texture which he has used every conceivable device to concoct. Many of his views give the appearance of requiring very little alteration to make them extremely effective and pleasing theatrical scenery, and perhaps the main function of all this texture-making is to turn what was conceived as stage decoration into a picture. The difficulty is that refinement of surface do nothing towards organising the space, either by observation of values or by linear perspective, but on the contrary sometimes prevent it. In a stage setting the space is already organised and given and it is perhaps for this very reason that Mr. Piper neglects values to an extent that is sometimes quite startling; as a result some accident of tonality the gable of a house will sink into the distance, apparently far behind mountains on the skyline and now near the plane of the rest of the house.

M. Clavé, at Tooth's Gallery, is another adept of textures and produces very remarkable effects with a painting knife. Curious enough he, too, is an experienced stage designer, but there is not much in his work, unless it is its extreme effectiveness, that reminds one of the stage. Where Mr. Piper is allusive and wanders after romantic associations, M. Clavé goes straight to the point, hits the nail on the head, and makes what may be really a trite statement with the crispest air of command. At the Arcade Gallery there is an interesting little collection of minor Italian primitives, some of them very curious and attractive and one of them probably French.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Russian Revolution 1917. A personal record by N. N. Sukhanov. Edited, abridged and translated by Joel Carmichael. Oxford. 42s.

THE *Small Soviet Encyclopaedia* devotes a few grudging lines to Nikolai Nikolaevich Sukhanov. It tells us that he was born in 1882 and was a 'volstoyan' in his youth, then a member of various socialist groups and a writer on historical and economic questions. After the revolution in February 1917 he was elected to the Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet and in 1924 applied for membership in the Russian Communist Party, but later joined a 'counter-revolutionary organisation'.

The volume in which this appears was published in 1931, the year when the Menshevik trial took place in Moscow. Sukhanov was one of the accused. In the pages of Ciliga's *Pays du grand mensonge* he reappears for a moment, baffled and outraged, demanding from prison that the government keep its promise to release those who had been willing to make false confessions. His subsequent fate is unknown. But between 1919 and 1921 Sukhanov wrote his *Notes on the Revolution*, seven volumes in all, more than two thousand pages in the Russian original, of which this is an abridged translation. Even in this mutilated form it is most welcome, for there is nothing like it.

Sukhanov was an unusual and highly contradictory character; a revolutionary with a deep respect for the rule of law, irritated equally by the blind stupidities of the provisional government and the duplicity and demagoguery of the Bolsheviks. He was one of the small group of Menshevik-Internationalists who followed Martov, and he longed to lose himself in the revolution but was unable to do so. From first to last a deep scepticism and paralysing self-consciousness, and a sulky inability to do more than admire the enthusiasm of others ('I have', he confesses, 'a rather disagreeable character') kept him from more than an outward communion with the revolution. Of the day when the Petersburg garrison rebelled and the Petersburg Soviet first met, the two events that inaugurated the revolution, he writes: 'My own time was passed in a completely senseless and depressing way'. Eight months later, on the day after the Bolsheviks seized power, he was still unable to take the step that both attracted and repelled him. 'I personally committed not a few blunders and errors in the revolution. But I consider my greatest and most indelible crime the fact that I failed to break with the Martov group. . . . To this day I have not ceased regretting it'.

Between the two revolutions he has given us something very like a day to day account of events in Petrograd, most of it from direct observation. Here are the fumbling, haphazard, almost unconscious steps by which the 'dual power' was established in the two wings of the Tauride Palace, and here, day by day, we can watch the gulf widening between the two. 'Our agreement was an agreement on the conditions of a duel'. The scene at the Finland station on Lenin's return, already familiar from other writings, comes to life again as the Bolshevik's first great act of showmanship. Not that Sukhanov was unimpressed. He describes both Lenin and Trotsky as 'cosmic titans'. Stalin did not interest him. 'One of the few individuals who hold the fate of the revolution and of the state in their hands', he remained a 'grey blur' that left no trace. 'There is really nothing more to be said about him'.

Nothing comes out more clearly from Sukhanov's record than the weakness, timidity, and blindness of the governments between the two revolutions, unable to provide a satisfying outlet for 'the will, the longings, and the fury of the authentic proletarian lower depths, who scented treachery but were powerless to fight against it'. Most important of all, the war was still going on, and going disastrously. It was on this question that the hesitations and equivocations of the government parties contrasted most decisively with the resolution of the Bolsheviks. The myth of an undeviating Bolshevik policy is not sustained. They too wavered and hesitated, but unlike the other leaders and would-be leaders, Lenin not only knew what he wanted but was prepared to act, and had a supreme gift for adapting his tactics quickly to changing situations. The Bolsheviks did not waste time at the unending conferences and committee sessions; they were in the barracks and factories, organising support and persuading the reluctant, or in secret session, counting their forces and planning their coup. Its success was assured because there was nothing to oppose it. Disappointingly, Sukhanov admits that it had the backing of the great majority of the Petrograd workers and soldiers.

With such an abundant feast it is churlish to grumble at Mr. Carmichael's work, since gratitude must far outweigh discontent, but it is regrettable that there is no indication in the text of the omissions and abridgements. If Sukhanov was worth doing at all—and of that there can be no question—he should have been done in full. If not in full, then we should at least be able to see exactly what it is we are getting.

The Cretan Runner

By George Psychoundakis. Translated by Patrick Leigh Fermor. Murray. 18s.

When at the end of May 1941 the Germans overran Crete, those Cretans who had spontaneously joined the British in their desperate efforts to stem the invasion formed the nucleus of a determined and resourceful Resistance. The movement, equipped and co-ordinated by British officers from Cairo, grew in strength and continued until the end of the war. The Germans on this fringe of Hitler's European fortress were continuously harassed, and valuable information was supplied to the Allied command in North Africa. The enemy were numerous and brutal, the country difficult, and the dangers and hardships of Resistance extreme.

George Psychoundakis, the author of this book, was in the movement from beginning to end. A poor sheep farmer's son with only two or three years' rudimentary schooling, he was twenty years old when the invasion came. Diminutive in stature, mercurial by temperament, intensely curious, he was already a poet and a jester. He took on with gusto the exhausting work of runner to the English officers who collected intelligence and sent it by radio to Cairo. Guns and ambushes, treachery by 'bad Greeks', hairbreadth escapes, savage reprisals, forced marches by night, a precarious existence in caves and sheep-folds—such were his experiences, graphically recounted in this book. At the end of the war, owing to a clerical error, he spent some unhappy months in Greek gaols, and here he wrote his journal.

It is much more than a narrative of exciting events; the publishers, with rare under-statement, describe it as a 'journal unique in the literature of Resistance'; it is unique in any literature. It is of the great picaresque tradition

—the tradition of *Captain Singleton*, *Lavengro*, *The Purple Land*, *Trader Horn*, and *The Super Tramp*. This is high praise, and it must be tempered with the admission that *The Cretan Runner* is distinctly episodic. Nevertheless, an outward unity is provided by the theme, that of the German occupation, from which the author never digresses; and a more organic unity springs from his own personality.

Much of the charm of the book, and perhaps its most lasting quality of interest, comes from the author's psychological self-revelation. No doubt he is on occasions, like Defoe and Borrow before him, a good liar; but the essential truth of his story, the candour and sweetness of what can only be called his moral outlook, are never in doubt. He is neither an amateur nor a professional writer, he is a born writer. Patrick Leigh Fermor's introduction is almost exemplary.

Journey Into a Fog

By M. Berger-Hamerschlag. Gollancz. 18s.

Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag is a Viennese-born artist, with a personal style rather reminiscent of Pascin, who has for several years been engaged in missionary work among the youth of the slums of London. Her mission has not been for the propagation of a religious faith, but for the appreciation of plastic art and the establishment of decent human relations; her pulpit has been the teacher's desk in late afternoon art classes in various youth clubs designed to keep adolescents 'off the streets'. The book under review is a condensed, and therefore to a certain extent fictionalised, account of some of her experiences; all the action is set in a single youth club, though she has taught in several; the characters described are composite.

The picture of proletarian adolescents which Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag draws is a terrifying one. With few exceptions, these teen-agers and teddy boys are without curiosity, without ambitions, without any interests save in self-adornment, pornography, sex fogged by puritanism, and the thrills of violence. It seems probable that most of the members of these youth clubs come from the worst and most uncongenial slum homes, and are earning high wages in uninteresting 'dead end' jobs; if the characters portrayed are typical, they are a standing indictment of the failure of the churches, public education and state-organised welfare to minister to the potentialities of contemporary urban youth.

There is a certain amount of repetition in Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag's book, and, for some stomachs, perhaps rather too much sweetness and light; but the writer has battled courageously against odds greater than in darkest Africa without either gaining durable converts or losing her faith.

The Irish and Catholic Power. By Paul Blanshard. Foreword by H. Montgomery Hyde, M.P. Derek Verschoyle. 18s.

Mr. Blanshard has spent much time in warning Uncle Sam that there is a scarlet woman under his bed waiting until he falls asleep to crawl out and rob his home of its democratic heritage. This is the third of three books on what Mr. Blanshard sees as the conflict between Roman Catholic policy and modern democracy; it is written in answer to a challenge from an Irish Jesuit, who invited Mr. Blanshard to take the Republic of Ireland as an example of how the



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Catholic way of life works. The author spent some months on both sides of the border, interviewing lay and ecclesiastical leaders, and collecting a mass of written evidence. Colonel Montgomery Hyde, the gifted and hard-hitting biographer of Carson and a stout Orangeman, supports, in his foreword, the indictment drawn up by Mr. Blanshard.

Having described in detail the dominance of the Roman Church in every sphere of republican life, he goes on to ask how much of his 'woeful vision in the Irish crystal ball has any serious significance for America?' His short answer is: divorce—very little; censorship—little; birth-control—somewhat serious; mixed marriage—very serious; education—critically serious. The test case in Ireland who marries a Roman Catholic finds his whole family absorbed into the mother's religion 'and the last traces of Protestantism disappear'. If that were to happen in America 'it would mean the transference each year to Catholicism of the equivalent of a city about the size of Toledo . . . it is more probable that the nation would have a Catholic majority by the year 2125'.

But Mr. Blanshard finds rays of light in his crystal ball. He is hopeful that the 'old-line dictatorship of the Irish priests in America is doomed'. For readers who share Mr. Blanshard's distrust of Romanism this book will make most agreeable reading. But there will be others, not necessarily owing allegiance to the Pope, who will find it a tediously long-winded exercise in discovering the obvious and proving it to be true by the marshalling of facts that can be taken for granted.

The Roman Church openly claims the obedience of the faithful in such matters as schooling and sex relationship and, as the vast majority of Irish Republican citizens consists of faithful sons and daughters of the Church, it would be surprising if legislation and the pressure of public opinion did not reflect their faith. Mr. Blanshard does not like it, but he assumes, too easily, that the 'intelligent' and the 'scientific' end of the argument is always his and never that of his opponents. The Irish literary censorship, for instance, has made itself a laughing stock, but it has also done a lot to check the flow of pornography and trash. America and Britain, wrestling with the problem of Horror Comics and other evil consequences of freedom run to licence are glass houses in which the throwing of stones is a tricky game.

How quickly militant Roman Catholicism provokes reactions equally militant is amusingly brought out by Colonel Montgomery Hyde. He tells the sad story of the Downpatrick race-course near Belfast being robbed of entries from Roman Catholic owners because permission had been refused to a priest who wanted to hold a Rosary Crusade on the course between meetings. Refusal was based on 'the perfectly reasonable ground' that 'religion had nothing to do with racing'. For your reviewer (a race-goer but not a Roman Catholic) this does not make sense. Why should not any religious figure, from the Pope to Dr. Graham, hold a meeting on a race-course provided he did not interfere with the running?

Atoms in the Family. My Life with

Enrico Fermi. By Laura Fermi.

Allen and Unwin. 18s.

There are so many brilliant physicists and mathematicians today that it is no longer possible to look upon them as being prodigious or men of genius, especially when their natural gifts are canalised to the grim purposes of modern war technique, a specialisation that may lead to those horrors prophesied in the *Book of Revelations*. Enrico Fermi was a middle-class Italian born in Rome in 1901, into a family that came from

the Po valley in the north. His father worked on the State Railway and his mother was an elementary school teacher. The boy soon showed signs of unusual mental power. He taught himself mathematics, and the quantum theory was a plaything during his childhood, one which he had discovered for himself. By the time he was twenty-four he was a professor, and had written a number of papers for the professional journals which brought him international notice. His genius was in harmony with the Age, and he quickly rose to more and more eminence.

His wife, who writes this book, was one of his students in Rome. She has contrived to maintain herself intact by an armour of good humour, for he must have been a whirlwind of a man, carried along by an abnormal vitality and an obsessional concentration of interests. He had the habits of an earnest craftsman impatient of anything less than perfection in his work, which he presumed everybody to understand. Fermi died at fifty, shortly after, as his wife somewhat sardonically says, 'he had shifted his allegiance from neutrons to mesons'. In that life of half a century, he had never stopped work, never paused for a moment of self-conscious introspection or display. He had designed and supervised the construction of the first atomic pile. He was the monitor of the back-room boys in America who precipitated the sudden end of the last war and set the course for the future history of mankind.

His wife shows him to have remained throughout this career, a boy among boys, his interests restricted to his work, his emotions normal, his fidelity to wife and family absolute. He remains enigmatic to the outsider.

The Third Reich

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 50s.

The Third Reich is a collection of essays written by twenty-seven leading authorities on National-Socialism under the auspices of the International Council for Philosophy and Humanistic Studies. The seed of this considerable tree was planted during the 1948 General Conference of Unesco at Beirut, where a resolution was passed recommending the preparation of a report on the methods and procedures of Nazism, with a view to ensuring the immediate identification of such movements in the future. The naivety of the resolution may provoke a smile. We surely do not need a 900-page book to enable us to identify neo-Nazi tendencies in, say, the Federal Republic of Germany, and we cannot shut our eyes to the possibility that regimes incorporating many of the worst practical features of Nazism may arise from very different economic conditions and proclaim very different doctrines. Some such thoughts must have occurred to the International Council. They decided, quite rightly, that a report of such limited scope would be of little use or interest, and that the work would be worth while only if National-Socialism were traced back to its roots.

As a result of the Council's intelligent interpretation of Unesco's wishes, *The Third Reich* stands in its own right as a valuable summary study of the philosophical roots of National-Socialism, and of its practices during and after its rise to power. The twenty-seven essayists, mostly university professors, are drawn from the United States, Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Germany. As the Council insisted that each contributor should bear sole responsibility for the views expressed in his essay, there is inevitably some overlapping and discordance. But these flaws are outweighed by a freshness and variety of approach which would certainly have been lost if the authors had been strictly regimented.

The book is divided into three parts. The

first part deals with the philosophical fore-runners of Nazism: Lagarde, Nietzsche, Stefan George and others. Special mention should be made of a fascinating study of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, by Professor Réal of Grenoble, and of a particularly acute analysis of Moeller van den Bruck, the 'revolutionary Conservative', by Professor Pascal of Birmingham. Mr. Alan Bullock, the distinguished biographer of Hitler, winds up the first part with an account of the Fuehrer's so-called political ideas. The second and third parts deal with National-Socialist practices during and after the rise to power. There are glimpses of lesser known regions, such as Nazi exploitation of moral tendencies in Germany and the use and misuse of philosophy and philosophers; and a short essay by Professor Best, of Bonn, on the National-Socialist Vocabulary, whets the appetite for more. But the quarries of source material for such subjects as Nazism and the Middle Class, Nazism and the Churches, Nazism and the Jews, have been intensively worked for two decades, and the comments offered here on these and related aspects of Nazi method run for the most part along predictable lines.

Hauptmann. By Hugh F. Garten.

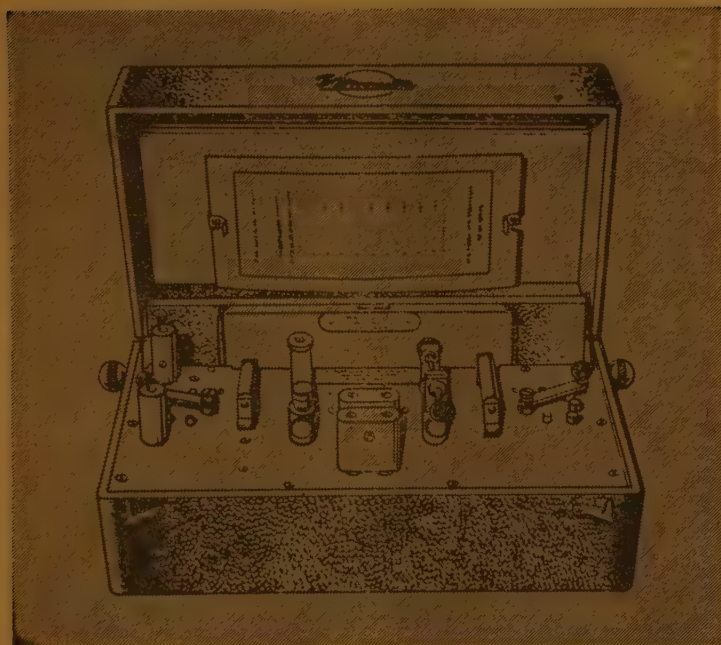
Bowes and Bowes. 6s.

Mr. Garten's able and informative study of Gerhart Hauptmann brings the totality of a remarkable body of work to the reader's notice: forty-two dramas, twenty-two prose works, and several volumes of poetry represent an astonishing output, even when Hauptmann's long life (he was eighty-four when he died in 1946) is taken into account. Mr. Garten distinguishes four trends in Hauptmann's work: naturalism (or realism), romanticism (or symbolism), Hellenism, and mysticism. These manifested themselves in the main successively, but they were often intertwined and also continued to alternate one with the other throughout his life.

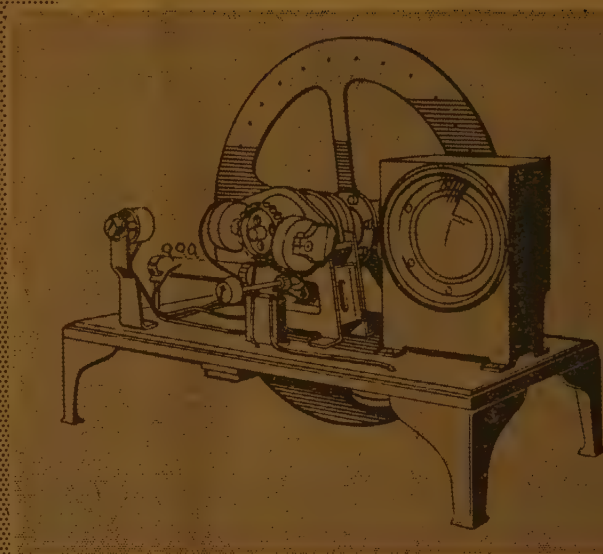
The one denominator common to all is, as the author of the present study rightly emphasises, the emotion of compassion for humanity; and, if nothing that Hauptmann wrote can fairly be called negligible, still it is in the province of realistic drama that his most outstanding achievements are to be found; and although the early plays written under the shadow of Ibsen ('*Vor Sonnenaufgang*', '*Das Friedensfest*' and '*Einsame Menschen*') will not bear a comparison with their models, he produced in '*Die Weber*' not only his own masterpiece but what is probably the greatest tragedy of our era. Beside this soul-shattering representation of an abortive revolt of the Silesian weavers in 1844 even the most poetical of his symbolical dramas, even the most impressive of his mystical writings, are dimmed. Written for the most part in dialect, and naturalistic rather than realistic in technique, it is a mass-drama which, in spite of all the differentiated individuals who compose it, is yet the drama of a soul: the soul of the weavers, or (more universally) of humanity itself crying out for justice.

The impact of this voice rising above so many voices would be almost intolerable, but for the more than human compassion caught and held in the technique, and for the contrapuntal nature of an action which (quite apart from the recurrent sound of the Weavers' Song) seems to be accompanied by music. There is no real solution of the conflict engendered by the misery of the protagonists, not even the relief of anger with their oppressors is invoked; but a realisation is born that things must change, and perhaps (as a by-product) the determination to change them.

Hauptmann's amazing versatility is illustrated by the fact that he followed '*Die Weber*' up with two comedies, one of which ('*Der Biber*')



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le") is outstandingly successful, and then by the poetic dream-drama, 'Hanneles Himmelsturt', which was succeeded in its turn by another mass-drama, 'Glorian Geyer', and then by his most popular symbolical play 'Die verunkene Glocke'. There is undoubtedly something savouring rather of virtuosity than of

genius in this kind of oscillation; and it is also true that Hauptmann's gift was to a certain extent derivative, that Ibsen, Goethe, and Shakespeare (to name only a few) are sometimes too obviously present. Yet he was a dramatist through and through, and at his best (as in 'Die Weber') a completely original writer. One

need only read Rilke's account of 'Michael Kramer' (an artist's tragedy) in his diary for December 19, 1900, to realise the full effect of the subtlety and reality of his characterisation; and Mr. Garten's succinct but solid account of all the major works right down to the 'Atridae' gives the measure of his extraordinary scope.

New Novels

The Acceptance World. By Anthony Powell. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

The Good Shepherd. By C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

The Navigator. By Jules Roy. Turnstile. 8s. 6d.

The Rigoville Match. By David E. Walker. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.

THE ACCEPTANCE WORLD is run number three of the innings that Mr. Anthony Powell began so well with *A Question of Upbringing* and *A Buyer's Market*. When the score stands at ten or twelve, we are told—or even, on current form, at the Homeric twenty-four—the players, if not all out, will at last have retired hurt or have been suspended or arguing with the umpire; the author, having carried his bat, will sidle gracefully to pavilion; and the whole day's sport will be stacked on our groaning shelves under the general title of *The Music of Time*.

This last is not, I feel, a happy inspiration: it smacks too strongly of Proust in the one direction, and in the other of the Trash-Society choice. Mr. Powell is anything but a trash-writer; the two essentials of that genre, retentiveness and a vile style, he lacks conspicuously. But, though their aims are superficially not dissimilar—the total recording of a certain phase in a certain class of society over a certain period in time—Mr. Powell is no Proust: for Proust's researches took him as far inward as out, he was as concerned with the analysis of himself as with that of his society, he was ultimately a subjective rather than an objective enquirer. Mr. Powell's hero, on the other hand, is the observer, always and the sufferer seldom. He observes but he does not (at any rate in this volume) comment.

In *The Acceptance World*, the principal characters, whom we first met as contemporaries at Eton, are drifting into the doldrums of the late twenties and early thirties, both of their own lives and of the present century: the 'acceptance world', in the first instance that enclave of the financial universe in which debts are 'accepted', enlarges its meaning to cover that critical period of a man's life in which he exchanges the impracticably limitless aspirations of youth for measured ambitions based strictly upon an objective assessment of his own capacities, opportunities and social position. Outside the Templer-Stringham world, the greater world is in the grip of the 'depression'; within it the characters are coming to terms with life, digging themselves in, beginning at last to show the faces that from now on they will show or always. Widmerpool, merely a bad joke at Eton, now emerges as that most sinister type of the successful, the man with an urge to power deriving from his sense of his own inferiority. The remainder are concerned largely with having affairs with each other's divorced wives—the bolting rate in *The Acceptance World* is, I may say, quite phenomenal.

If the creation of 'illusion' is to be considered the chief preoccupation of the novelist, Mr. Powell must be reckoned one of the very best writers of today. His protagonists are unannally credible. His treatment of passionate love in particular (that universal theme, so universally attempted with such intrepidity and

confidence, so almost always unjustified) is almost hallucinatory: he knows what to say (which puts him in the company of a select few) and he knows what not to say (which leaves him almost alone). At the same time it is only fair to warn new readers of *The Music of Time* that if they try to read this book without some knowledge of its predecessors, they will find themselves hard put to regard it as a novel in its own right at all: the very large cast of characters is produced without introduction or concession to the *nouvellement arrivé*, and none of the threads of incident in it is followed out to anything remotely resembling a conclusion. No doubt in succeeding books the nature of the overall pattern will emerge with some clarity; but what we are at the moment offered is merely pages 400-600 of a 2,000- or 3,000-pager that may well turn out one of the most significantly abiding chronicles of the decade. It is as much as that, but at present no more.

My remaining books are much lighter weight. *The Good Shepherd* and *The Navigator* illustrate perhaps rather too neatly the differences between standard English and standard French approaches to the art of the novel. Both are about the last war. Mr. C. S. Forester's subject is an Arctic convoy: the 'good shepherd' is its United States Navy commander, one Krause, the rather absurdly pious son of a backwoods Lutheran minister. Mr. Forester is strictly laconic in the best British documentary tradition. His subject is an Arctic convoy, and, by G—, he's sticking to it! No nonsense here about character analysis, social relevance or historic implication; on the contrary he treats us to literally pages on end of dialogue of this calibre: 'Dicky to George! Dicky to George!' 'George to Dicky. Go ahead'. 'Asdic contact, sir. Distant contact, on our port bow'. 'Go after it then. I'm coming up behind you'. 'Eagle to George. Shall I join in, sir?' And how right he is! Everything is forgivable but pretension. *The Good Shepherd* has no airs and graces; but it is an admirable piece of exposition and presentation. What makes it more than a mere adventure story is the care and balance with which the author analyses the alternative naval decisions open to Commander Krause at every crisis of the voyage, and the lines of reasoning that lead him to adopt one rather than the other. The book could be used as a primer at a Naval Training College; but it is also an invaluable (I had almost said, an essential) document for any layman who wants to understand just what a war-time convoy was like—to understand it not from the external viewpoint of the outsider to whom it is all death and determination but from the interior viewpoint of the seaman to whom it is primarily a job and a problem.

Mr. Forester's book, as I have said, boasts no 'significant theme' unless it be that rather naive one implied in the title—a machinery so bucolic

and *démodé* that no self-respecting French intellectual would, so to speak, be seen dead in it. M. Jules Roy would certainly not be seen so. His 'Navigator', a Free Frenchman serving in England, is the sole survivor of a mid-air collision between his own and another French plane; he loses his nerve and refuses to stand in as navigator to a pilot whom he distrusts; this pilot and his crew are lost, supposedly owing to their consequent lack of a well-qualified man; the hero 'expiates' his crime by deliberately flying with another pilot who suffers from nervous night-blindness and, when their aircraft is hit, refusing to use his parachute. It would be immaterial (I suppose), or at any rate insufficient, to object to this book on the grounds of mere probability or fidelity. Certainly R.A.F. life was not lived in an atmosphere of emotionally surcharged heroisms and expiations, and when pilots contracted nervous night-blindness they were very promptly grounded; suicide was also discouraged: but we may not absolutely disbelieve in a higher degree of self-dramatisation among those born on the wrong side of the Channel.

What I do object to is the whole glib convention of the 'serious', 'significant' French novel, of which this is a reasonably average example. *Lycée* education apparently teaches every sixth-former to write like a little Constant: it is sinewy style one term and stream-lined construction the term after. 'The writing is superb', says the blurb; 'a spare, compelling, economy, which draws the reader in so that he can share the complex working out of the navigator's tragedy'. But the cautious reader will distinguish between the spare and the skinny, between the working out of a tragedy and the working out of an equation. He will also consider the difference between compression and excision: *The Navigator* is about half as long as the average novel, not because it is twice as compressed but because it contains only half as much material. This is also the difference between the economical and the mean.

Mr. Forester was content to describe an aspect of the war with as much faithfulness as might be, and to allow his material to find its own pattern: Mr. Roy has ruthlessly imposed a pattern on material which, essentially, he has not described at all, and in addition it does not even seem a pattern which can be made to fit. 'Everything is forgivable but pretension': I am afraid that *The Navigator* cannot be forgiven.

Anyone who is on the look-out for the slightest of slight books need look no further than *The Rigoville Match* by Mr. David E. Walker. Concerned with Anglo-French hockey in darkest Normandy, it is replete with all the comfy clichés, generalisations on national character, etc., that we treasure on train-journeys, and it is freshly and attractively written. Unpretentious. Highly enjoyable.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Climacteric Hours

MENACE? Politically, no, according to the verdict of the general election analysts: television did not play a decisive part in that event. No one on the winning side claimed to have received important help from it, although there were those who believed that the Prime Minister's final address to viewers steadied infirm opinion. The spokesmen for the losing side, Clement Attlee and Herbert Morrison, did not refer to it. Moreover, the majorities of candidates whose reputations were thought to have been enhanced by their television appearances were impressively unaffected. When 'In The News' comes back we need have no foreboding of dangerous success for any of its participants. Clearly, that programme ranks higher as entertainment than as a contribution to the public understanding. All of which suggests that Herbert Morrison's televised reflection that the Labour party requires 'to do some fresh thinking' may generate consideration in a wider context. Its relevance to the coming competitive era in television is unlikely to be ignored.

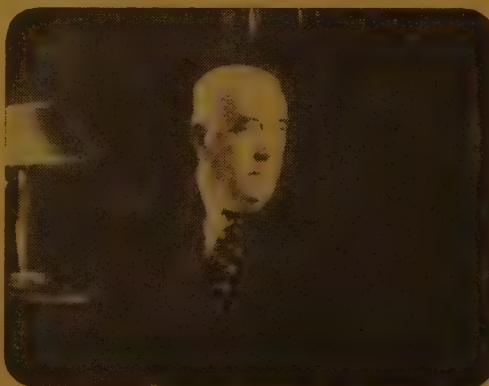
By no means parenthetically, if, necessarily belatedly, it should be recorded in this place that B.B.C. television acquitted itself reassuringly well throughout the final general election phase. The occasion provided a test for a variety of skills and many kinds of efficiency, and it is hard to believe that any other organisation, however sumptuous its arrangements, could have kept viewers more reliably informed or more effectively in touch with pivotal scenes, events, and personalities. We were braced to hear Ed Murrow, the American broadcaster, say in his postscript talk that they could not have ordered things better in his country, where election consciousness is immensely widened, if not deepened to anything like profundity, by the television impact.

The whole complex covering operation, organised by Grace Wyndham Goldie, was a success by any standard of criticism which takes into account the immense emergency potential. Behind the front-line competence of Richard Dimbleby, David Butler, Robert McKenzie, E. R. Thompson, William Clark, and Brian Connell there was the fidelity of unseen teams of workers who were rightly complimented by Dimbleby at the end of his valiant seventeen-hours vigil.

Repetition of comment and opinion was hardly avoidable over the long period of public performance, and towards the close there was a



The television cameras trained on the group of speakers who, on the night of May 26, reported and analysed the results of the General Election



As seen by the viewer: Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, in 'Transatlantic Teleview', May 24

certain amount of word-spinning to fill in gaps between results. That was the weakness of the exchanges between the historians at Oxford, Herbert Nicholas and Alan Bullock, who talked from compulsion, not inspiration, and at times with hollow-sounding effect. Instead of sandwiches, they needed bones of contention: for instance, the meaty one of half-elected M.P.s. Of the camera diversions to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol—and where else?—it will be enough to say that the outside broadcasting department was strictly alert to its

responsibilities and notably helped to nourish our attention through the long climacteric hours. True, it omitted to oblige us with a sight of the Border candidate who campaigned on a policy of Home Rule for Cumberland and more money for mole-catchers (368 votes), but it was unflagging in reminding us at the governing

centre that it is the other four-fifths of England that matters.

If the lesson of the 1955 general election—that television viewing has as limited an impact on the public intelligence as radio listening, newspaper reading, some revision of judgement of other sorts of programme may be indicated. It may be that the social effects of television viewing proceed most potently from the afternoon programmes put on by S. E. Reynolds with his specialists in kitchen affairs, his child welfare experts, his hobby enthusiasts. I should have no difficulty in believing that Peter Throver, who on Saturday afternoons talks so ably and persuasively about gardening, is more directly influential than any panel-game player, however ardently courted by the autograph hunters. Programmes of the 'Special Enquiry' brand, coming on at a more intensive viewing time, are exposed to large areas of public difference, arising not only from weariness at the day's end but from a congenital inability to comply with any demand for serious attention. Like documentary in the cinema, television documentary survives by favour of a relatively small part of the audience. Last week's 'Special Enquiry' recognised this precariousness by taking the lighter theme of cosmetics as a contrast to the impending preoccupation of people, an instinct that was undoubtedly sound. The programme was a well-illustrated study of the ingredients and economics of glamour. While, as the commentator, Robert Reid, hardly be said to have personified the romance of the subject, it must be agreed that he steered us with a sure and steady hand through the maze of vital facts and figures and that the programme gained in reliability if also in sobriety by his appearance in it. What it had of charm was largely supplied by the sense of mystery which remained with us when the last word had been spoken. Despite the factual insistence, had been borne to the brink of the unconscious where scent-bottle, lipstick, and powder-compact are sanctioned by unfathomed impulse. 'Special Enquiry' has been more immediately important in content; never, I think, more efficient in presenting it.

For the rest, we had to make do mostly with



'The Business of Beauty', on May 23; left, demonstrating market research into lipsticks; right, a beauty treatment

ms—'The Invisible Enemy', in the United Nations series called 'The World Is Ours'; a repeat of 'This Was Yesterday', the Pathé pictorial record of thirty years; 'Transatlantic Teleview', interviewing the Prime Minister of Australia; 'See It Now', a British general election film likewise made for American television; 'Filming in Africa'; and the Sunday night postscript on St. Paul's Cathedral. 'The Invisible Enemy' reported heroic international enterprise in the realm of social medicine. 'Transatlantic Teleview' presented Mr. Menzies discussing world affairs with gratifying frankness and impressive sincerity. 'Filming in Africa' showed us novel scenes from an African ostrich farm; also an enigmatic adventure with a rhinoceros in which Armand and Michaela Denis were seen climbing a tree for safety while, apparently, leaving the cameraman to stand his ground fearlessly alone. The St. Paul's Cathedral appeal, on Whitsunday night, was made by Lord Kilmuir, who admirably matched the opportunity in presence, phrase, and voice.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Family Portrait

THERE IS SOMETHING called Basic English. Why then not a basic English family comedy? I have often toyed with writing one but someone like R. Whatmore, of last Sunday's 'The Sun and I', always seems to get ahead. The ingredients for my dish include novels of H. G. Wells and a few by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, perhaps. Then 'Milestones', Monckton Hoffe's 'Many Waters', 'Goodbye Mr. Chips' and about equal parts of 'Cavalcade' and the Anna League films.

The lay-out could be varied, as the plumbers say, "to suit individual requirements". But one would certainly start with a snatch of 'The Mikado' and follow quickly into a screamingly funny Edwardian scene in which comic suffragettes set fire to moustachioed policemen and even funnier ladies in leg-of-mutton sleeves fall off bicycles. This is followed by quieter domestic interiors, in which Father reads science, Mother turns up the oh-so-remarkably-cheap household accounts ('Four shillings a ton for coal? It's outrageous: the miners must be slacking') which makes for what we may call 'period irony'. Then, the children show signs of restiveness: the daughter, destined for a defiance of the sex role in Act III in the shape of short-leave legitimate baby, shows signs already of wanting to be free. The son pouts: life, he will probably say, is too peaceful now and why can't we have another jolly old war against the Boers for someone? More irony! While the parents, so full of Wellsian optimism, look at each other—I think the adverb 'generally' 'ruefully'. We in the audience are hugging ourselves: just let them wait, we think, knowing all about 1914, the General Strike, and all the knock-out curtains of the later acts.

But, first, someone ought to go down to the *Titanic*—unless you telescope this into the war period and make it the *usitania*. And poor Mummy is taking bravely when Johnny comes marching home or Ted gets a white feather ('from that little beast I took to the hospital all, too'), and maybe Dad drops down with heart disease, and anyway the armistice rejoicings are—what is the phrase?—'a hollow mockery'. And then his wigs out and bent double over sticks, and voices suddenly reedy as whistles; or, believe me, in basic English family comedies, Age comes very rapidly. One minute you're driving a train in the General Strike and the next—hey presto, you can hardly reach for your ear trum-

pet to listen to 2LO on a crystal set! But somehow one must finish on a note of optimism: the begonias have budded again perhaps, or there is a tiny mewling sound from the Moses basket. The younger generation is all right at heart, bless 'em.

Now A. R. Whatmore's 'The Sun and I' did not fall into any such absurdities: there were moments when I thought of the above-mentioned kind of play, and there seemed to be too many moments on the whole where that clever and assured actress Pauline Jameson was assuming the ominous pose in which the Mums of Basic Family Comedy receive the bad news. Nevertheless, the early part of this play went with a charming swing, encouraged by whole selections from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Miss Jameson and David Markham as Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright—she so brave and practical, he so feckless and experimental—were a dear couple on the threshold of life. The play nipped along here in the school scenes in Campbell Logan's direction and it was long before the slump set in. It did so, I thought, with the rather laborious scene where the father discovered that his younger son (Andrew Ray) was a genius, and though Mr. Markham, the boy, and the comic little Edwardian schoolgirls made a good showing, drama, as such, started to fall to bits. This matters less on television than you might suppose: after all, we have been royally bored before; it's not like a theatre where you expect to enjoy.

Came 1914, and the play slumped even further: until then most of the scenes had been credible enough: there was one between Miss Jameson and Brenda Hogan (as the daughter) which was charming; and another, in which William Mervyn came to bring bad news (cue



'The Sun and I', on May 29: left to right, Brenda Hogan as Dora Cartwright, David Markham as Charles Cartwright, Pauline Jameson as Emmie Cartwright, and William Mervyn as Will Squire

for Miss Jameson to sit down unsteadily, fatefully) which was worthy of a better piece. But once you get those old newsreels reeling by, with the Boys jiggering up the gangways for Flanders at the speed of the old 'flicks', once you get that Western Front montage shot, something seems to hit Family Comedy. Rot sets in: a scene where the youngest son, now played by a different player, John Humphry, came back shell shocked and unable to do sums of the simplest was excellently acted but highly implausible; especially the moment where Mr. Markham knocked the elder son (Jeremy Burnham) cold with a right to the jaw. For a moment I expected to hear Miss Jameson say 'Not in one of my comedies, if you please!'. But she remained the perfect loyal actress. There were things to enjoy, and a genuine tear or two to be shed.

Clifford Curzon played wonderfully in a piano programme presented with marvellous tact and grace by Christian Simpson. The pianist's hands and the mask of his face, his lips murmuring to himself, it seemed in a private world of joy, as he played the Schubert Impromptu, were something I shall long remember.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Infernal Regions

DANTE INSPECTED HELL in Virgil's company. We have just been there with Wyndham Lewis; the place seems to have changed. I have no doubt that these new radio fantasies, 'Monstre Gai' and 'Malign Fiesta' (Third), which follow 'The Childermass', and compose with it the trilogy of 'The Human Age', are burdened with symbolism and prickling with allegory. Indeed, when the novels are published, and we have time to brood, we shall probably find ourselves in mounting spirals of speculation. On the air the plays come to us as immense Brocken-spectre fantasies, prodigal in their invention. We take them (as we take, say, a first reading of 'A Voyage to Arcturus') gratefully on the surface. It is all a wild and chaotic adventure that has yet to find its pattern in the mind. James Pullman, the writer, and his



Three lamps which were shown in 'Leisure and Pleasure' on May 24, when Lady Casson gave examples of the use of glass in interior decoration

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Who would think, to look at the absolutely ordinary *Schweppsy* at home (centre) that he could be equally utterly ordinary, in fact a true Schweppsopolitan, everywhere else, impossible to spot in the capitals of the Western World (top left) where, as he points out, everybody dresses like everybody else anyhow. He is equally one of the people in the outlying playgrounds of Schweppsylvania itself, so that, as it is easy to see, he is at home all over, never giving away the fact that he is not a true native, not to say actually aboriginal, and leaving no unpleasant impression that he is on holiday, still less suggesting, by hint or implication, that he is there to enjoy himself.

Devised by Stephen Potter, drawn by Loudon Sainthill

SCHWEPPERESCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

mer fag Satterthwaite (eternal and irritating adolescent) are down among the dead men. They have found their way, through the agency of that unctuous bladder, the pillow, into the Magnetic City, Third City, a kind of testing-ground for heaven (or hell) knows what. It appears to be an almost tireless masculine city, whose hordes of vacuous grey-eyed nonentities sit about the piazzas drinking coffee and killing the time that does not exist. This is a dry city, a vegetarian city, a sexless city (the women are confined in a horrible nerve called the 'yenergy'); it is governed by a severe and statuesque Padishah, but (for us) there all is the harsh cackle of the Bailiff, that sinister monster with the cracked voice, master of the revels, harbinger of the obscene. Thanks to him, Pullman and Satterthwaite get into Hell; and in Hell, too, though for a while his ice—which resembles the crackling of stiff brown paper—is stilled, he rises again in monstrous relish like some puppet of carnival.

Donald Wolfitt ('I like being carried about on a litter to the beating of drums') acts the Bailiff with a harsh vigour that never slackens; but Wyndham Lewis' invention is most terrifying: the Lord Sammael, who is Satan, God's avenger, the fallen angel who saw the Universe in its first days, but who looks now 'like an American of high managerial class'. Francis De Wolf offers here a coldly purring menace. The author's imagination goes rancid in his picture of the horrific world of Dis, the punishment centre. 'Pullman', says the narrator, 'was beginning to experience nausea'. So, unquestionably, was I, and for once I was grateful for what otherwise would have been the trying inaudibility of an actor (the Dr. Hachilah). There are passages of angelic assembly, for example of urgent scriptive power. Wyndham Lewis can get us to see and to smell—especially to smell—but in we do need the context of the books, and imagine that when they are published, much will be clarified that remains opaque, and some of the passages that, especially towards the end of 'Malign Fiesta', drizzle off into dullness, will glow as they should.

We have to acknowledge the range, the visual imagination of the plays, and Wyndham Lewis' power of suggesting evil. It is an astonishing pantomagoria: one that D. G. Bridson has produced with fitting skill, both in the sinister scenes and in those moments when, aided by Walter Goehr's music, we have the kind of drum that tears Hell's concave and frightens the reign of Chaos and old Night'. (There is another student of the subject speaks.) Raymond Bentley has a throbbing calm as Pullman; Lewis Ringer may seem to overdo the tedious whining of Satterthwaite (but the character is deplorable, anyway); Ronald Simpson steers along the 'reactionary' resident of Third City; and James McKechnie, as the narrator, guides the whole nightmare to its last grim paragraph—just after he that describes superbly the soldiers of heaven, looking (while the trumpets sound overhead) like a pastiche of Tintoretto painted by El Greco. The ensuing scene is something that may haunt us as much as the blinding of Gloucester has done. It is a bit of supernatural Grand Guignol, pathosomely vivid.

After this it was a change indeed to the puzzle-runner of 'Death Has Deep Roots' (Home). Who killed the major in the Euston Road Hotel? Certainly not the girl who was on trial. I hoped, for some time, that it might have been the choleric Colonel who—when a patient at a military hospital in 1933—had drawn the attention of the staff to a cobra, in a bathing-suit and fez, that kept tobogganing down the wall by his bedside. I chose badly; but, since this is a puzzle-play, I have (virtuously) no intention of saying now what the right choice should have been. On Saturday Hugh Burden acted with his

usual address, Charles Lefaux produced briskly, and we 'commuted' between remote French farms and the Old Bailey (George Hayes in forensic parade; Moultrie R. Kelsall for the defence). The main trouble with the tanglewood tale—adapted by Antony Brown from Michael Gilbert's book—is its too elaborate tangling. When the dramatist at last gives a sharp tug and the knots slip apart, we are too bemused to do more than nod our feeble thanks.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Hustings

SOME, as Shakespeare failed to mention, are born politicians, some achieve politics, and some have politics thrust upon them, and as, thumbing my *Radio Times*, I reached Thursday and Friday, I realised that I belonged to the third of these categories, or would have if, like some listeners, I left my set on all the time. On those two days the climax was reached and addicts were given the opportunity to listen for twenty-one hours, thirty-five minutes non-stop, namely from 6.25 a.m. until 4 a.m., a money's-worth if ever there was one. I availed myself soberly and sparingly of this hospitality and not at all during the small hours when the typical-topical, I assumed, would offer me nothing on which to exert my critical functions; but it was a disquieting thought, as I went to bed, that down there in my dark sitting-room stood an engine with the potential power to blast the better part of my night's rest.

Earlier in the week I listened to two programmes of a political kind, but neither bearing directly on the present election. The first, 'The Road to Westminster: the New M.P. at the House', described the unofficial initiation of a newly elected member into the geography of the House and the various duties, functions and formalities he will have to perform or observe. It gave a clear general impression of these in the form of a dramatic feature. The condition of helpless irritation induced in me by the knowing and self-satisfied old buffers who showed the novice round was merely a personal reaction which did not reflect on the quality of the script, though it may perhaps have implied a criticism of the production.

The second programme, 'Without Fear or Favour', took the form (to quote its sub-title) of 'a conversation on the formalities and precautions that surround the election of Members of Parliament, and the principles that lie beneath them'. The conversationalists were Sir Stephen King-Hall, a young man voting for the first time, the Returning Officer of a large provincial city, and the Assistant Town Clerk of a town near London. And it really was a conversation in that it was entirely free from that painfully unconvincing free-and-easiness which reeks of the amateur reading of a conscientiously colloquial script. In fact there was evidently no script, though the skeleton of the broadcast had doubtless been planned beforehand. The talk developed round intelligent questions, put by the anonymous young voter, to which the three elders gave clear and detailed replies, and all four of them talked as easily and naturally as if the conversation had been private and unpremeditated. Much of it dealt with the methods used to ensure the secrecy of the ballot. I learned one or two other curious facts from it, one that an idiot may not vote but a lunatic may in a lucid interval. Only a tolerant member of a political party will believe that this law is strictly enforced.

Ascending now from the topical to the universal and from the Home and the Light to the Third Programme I must return thanks for three talks which I approached timidly, for philosophy and the classics are too often served in the form of Dead Sea fruit; but these talks proved to be

rich in spiritual vitamins and extremely palatable. 'True Conversation' was a review by R. Gregor Smith of a collection of essays by Martin Buber recently published in German, an admirable broadcast which awoke a lively appetite for the book, which in my case will have to go unappealed until there is an English translation. Next evening, in 'Philosophy of Hope', Rabbi Dr. Ignaz Maybaum spoke of the life and philosophy of Franz Rosenzweig, a contemporary of Oswald Spengler. The talk conveyed not only the fine and courageous nature of Rosenzweig but also the warm humanity of the speaker.

'The Greek Professors and the Modern Mind' was the title of a broadcast by Philip Leon, the first of two based on his inaugural lecture as Professor of Classics at University College, Leicester. Professor Leon claimed that the modern professor is the direct descendant of the Greek sophists. It sounds, doesn't it, a weighty and academic theme. But Professor Leon carries his learning lightly. In a quiet voice and a crisp style that sparkled with humour he traced the influence of the sophists on our European civilisation and contrasted it with the very different influences of Judaism and Christianity. A most refreshing talk.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Poll-Tax

QUITE A LARGE PERCENTAGE of music I heard last week was of the kind commonly called 'light'. Yet what could be heavier than the jiggling, clumping rhythms accompanying trite and trivial little tunes which were put on the air during the declaration of the Polls? In these hours of irritating jog-trot, a Welsh programme came as a pleasant change, suggesting that what is wanted on these occasions is some quiet music, which will let us know that the set is not dead, without calling attention to itself. It should not be great music, since its function is to be interrupted as occasion demands.

Were I frivolously minded, I might suggest that Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, on which Bruno Walter lavished an affectionate care, would be the very thing. For it is the kind of music that one could enter or leave at almost any point without feeling great loss. It does not arouse excited interest in the question of what will happen next, which is one element in the pleasure we derive from great symphonies as from great literature. This want of dramatic tension is due, I suppose, to the unwieldy bulk of the work, and partly, too, to an evident sense of fatigue in the composer during those last years of his life when he doggedly fought his way through to the sketches of the fourth movement.

The Ninth Symphony does not seem to be the climax, the apex of Bruckner's achievement, which has been claimed by some critics. Rather is it a summary of all he had to say, some of which he had said better before, in the Seventh Symphony, for instance. Only in the Scherzo, which has an exceptional fleetness of foot, do we hear something that is fresh and *nouveau jeu*. At the first of two performances of Bruckner's work at the public concert in the Home Service on Wednesday it was preceded by two compositions of Beethoven's great German contemporary and antagonist, as though Dr. Walter wished to heal the long-standing feud. Here nothing perhaps could have made a better transition from Brahms' 'Haydn' Variations, so beautifully moulded under the conductor's supple baton, than the 'Song of Destiny' which is not on the higher levels of Brahms' achievement.

Earlier in the week Sir Malcolm Sargent directed performances of Kodaly's 'Missa Brevis', which is not so short as to be unimpressive though it failed to fill out the allotted

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ne of the concert's first part, and Beethoven's choral Symphony, for which he has, I see, had his knuckles rapped by *The Times*—not because it gave a bad performance but for performing at all. Yet this was part of the B.B.C.'s annual series of festival concerts and if the programmes are not to include, besides sublime attempts like Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, sublime achievements like Beethoven's, I am at a loss to know what is to be played.

Least of all does the criticism of stinting us the contemporary composers' work lie at the door of Broadcasting House, whence issues week

by week a continuous flow of modern music. Last week there was, among other things, an enjoyable concert directed by Francis Chagrin, which included an attractive composition, 'Primavera', by Hans Henkemans, whose Violin Concerto I praised a week or two back, and an agreeable Serenade by Willy Burkhard, who can evidently write music that is light without being uncivilised or trivial.

In the series of Wolf recitals Irmgard Seefried sang a selection from the 'Italienisches Liederbuch' with Ernest Lush accompanying. Miss Seefried was more successful in the humorous

and ironical or bitter songs than in the lyrical ones requiring *legato* phrasing. For she tends to produce each note separately, not joining one to another in a firmly moulded phrase. Her limitations as a Lieder-singer were evident in the recital of Schumann and Brahms on the previous Sunday, and in the songs by Strauss which she sang in Dr. Walter's final concert on Monday evening. She does not command the passionate expression for Brahms' 'Von ewiger Liebe' nor the serene phrasing for Strauss' 'Traum durch die Dämmerung'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Early Scottish Music

By KENNETH ELLIOTT

The first of four programmes of old Scottish music will be broadcast at 10.10 p.m. on Thursday, June 9 (Third)

THE repertoire of early Scottish music that is now being recovered from widely scattered manuscripts is proving far richer and more varied than had ever been imagined. In scope it covers sacred and secular polyphony, solo songs and music for keyboard and stringed instruments. In time it reaches as far back as the thirteenth century, when Scotland was beginning to emerge as a nation on the European scene. For centuries Norse and Anglo-Saxon invasion had enriched the underlying, largely Celtic strain of the people. Norman and Gothic influences came too, by way of England, the Scottish court and the Church. Scottish sacred polyphony of the thirteenth century had not quite those soaring arches of sound that we associate with the Notre Dame school; yet the music was there, sturdy music sung and composed—set down as part of the famous manuscript written at St. Andrews about 1250 and now at Wolfenbüttel.

Little or no music survives from the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. But the ties with the Low Countries that characterise Scottish art of the fifteenth century must surely have contributed to the development of Scottish sacred music. For in the work of Robert Carver, canon of Scone Abbey at the beginning of the sixteenth century, we see many of the favourite devices of contemporary Flemish musicians—elaborate notation, complex notation and the use of the popular *canto fermo* 'L'homme armé'—handled with great technical assurance in music that is noble if rather severe in style, though sometimes lacking direction. Carver's surviving compositions include five Masses recorded in the so-called Scone 'Antiphony'; this fine manuscript also contains many anonymous pieces probably of Scottish authorship and indicates the high standard of musical culture reached by the later medieval church in Scotland.

Another manuscript which fortunately survived the reforming zeal of the mid-sixteenth century is an incomplete set of part-books written for use at Dunkeld Cathedral. Its contents, which Mr. Jeremy Noble has shown to be mostly of Flemish or French origin, are largely drawn from continental printed books of the 1540s. But two fine anonymous masses for six voices are unlikely to have been composed by foreigners and they show how far in concentration and organisation of material Scottish polyphony had progressed up to the time of the Reformation.

For some record of the names and works of Scottish composers who lived through the Reformation we are indebted to Thomas Wode of St. Andrews; in about 1566 he began to compile an anthology of polyphonic pieces mostly Scottish in provenance and sacred in character.

The music of Andro Blackhall, John Angus and Andro Kemp is on the whole fairly distinguished, but there are one or two outstanding pieces by Robert Johnson—who according to Wode fled to England 'lang before Reformation' and went on composing there—and by David Peebles, conventual brother of St. Andrews, who continued there because of his skill in music.

Though the Reformation marked a break with the past and was the cause of much wanton destruction, the setback that music received was not permanent. Psalms plain set were ostensibly the order of the day, but Wode's part-books show a lasting interest in the older musical heritage; the religious houses whose sang-schools had long been the instrument of Scottish musical teaching had been dissolved, but the young King James VI had the schools re-organised and made the responsibility of the thriving burghs.

But it is in song and dance that a new picture of music in sixteenth-century Scotland has emerged. The alliance between France and Scotland had originally been political, born of a common hatred of England, but for Scotland perhaps the most far-reaching of its effects were cultural. During the regency of Marie, widow of King James V, and the reign of her daughter Mary Stuart, music at Holyrood was strongly influenced by that of the French court and we find three types of song based ultimately on French models: compositions for three voices; four-part dance-songs for viols or voices (for example, the setting of Alexander Scott's 'Lament of the Master of Erskine'); and polyphonic chansons. In France the influence of the dance on the contrapuntal tradition can be seen in the development of the *chanson*, commonly supposed to have been a purely French phenomenon. But examples like 'Richt sore opprest' reveal that a similar process took place in Scotland with equally good results.

This genre of art-song was no exotic growth peculiar to Mary's private circle; it was a native adaptation of a continental model and it developed in its own way. For it re-appeared at the court of King James VI, patron of poets and musicians, having survived the rigours of the Reformation. Indeed it was probably invigorated by the rising vernacular spirit of the reformers, who adapted many of the words of these courtly songs and printed sacred versions of them in the 'Gude and Godlie Ballatis' (c. 1570)—a fact which also shows that the originals must not have been solely the prerogative of court and castle.

This second flowering of Scottish polyphonic song in about 1580 was the natural development of the first; it comprised elaborate chanson and simple harmonic song, and many are of the finest quality. The love lyrics of Alexander

Montgomerie were a favourite choice; his style was inspired by the French court poets of an earlier generation, *les grands rhétoriciens*, and by Ronsard, who had paid a visit to the Scottish court. A group of pieces for string consort survive from this period: short, stately dance-movements and more extended 'lessons' in which three instruments weave elaborate counterpoints round a slow-moving, psalm-tune tenor.

It is difficult to realise that at the time none of this music was ever printed; it has come down to us precariously and often imperfectly, in manuscript part-books that were the possessions of the young musical amateurs of the Scottish castles—men of education and taste with a love of polyphonic music. In England things were very different and the music of the madrigalists was published, book after book, for more than thirty years. Of Scottish madrigals only fragments remain, but these point to another parallel transplanting of the Italian madrigal in Scotland. However, it came too late to have any lasting effect on the Franco-Scottish song tradition: in 1603 the court went south and musical composition began to decline in Scotland, though not before it had reflected the change of taste in a handful of solo songs that have survived from the first decades of the seventeenth century. These songs, to be sung to the lute or the harpsichord, represent in Scotland the age that produced the English 'ayre' and Italian monody.

The taste for all this music lasted in Scotland until the end of the century. However, what was new in seventeenth-century music-making was the rise to drawing-room currency of the folk-song or 'native air', long generally popular. Our earliest sources are of the seventeenth century and all are instrumental—for lute, cittern, violin, and keyboard. Few have much intrinsic value as arrangements, but all are important in that they record the birth of a new phase of Scottish music. This folk-song fashion eclipsed the taste for the older music and by 1700 it had been taken up enthusiastically in London. It reached the fashionable theatre in the late seventeenth century and above all in the eighteenth century, when ballad operas were the rage and no Italian opera was complete without its 'Scotch Song'.

The folk-song tradition, beautiful as it is but quite distinct, was to fill the role of Scottish music for over two hundred years, and so the seventeenth century marks the end of an epoch. The eighteenth century had no time for music other than its own and the folk-song repertoire was to prove well-nigh inexhaustible. Small wonder, then, that early Scottish music is only now being restored to the place of pride and honour that is its due.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

TWO HARD-BOILED EGG DISHES

FIRST, EGG SALAD. You will need two hard-boiled eggs for three people. Shell and cut them in two, putting the hard yolks in a mixing bowl. Mash up with a wooden spoon, adding salt, pepper, a little dash of Worcester sauce, then vinegar, beating it in till smooth. Now beat it all into a dressing of oil and vinegar, the usual proportions being one of vinegar to two of oil. You can add mustard powder, a pinch of sugar, a little chutney juice, and so on. The whites of the eggs are sliced and folded in. To serve, line a bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, pour the mixture in, and decorate with chopped parsley, spring onions, 'slivers' of radishes, and possibly a few olives stuffed with pimento.

My second recipe is for a hot egg dish: **French creamed eggs**, which is hard-boiled eggs placed in a creamy onion sauce. For two people you will need three hard-boiled eggs; a medium-sized onion; salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, butter or margarine, flour, and milk, brought slowly to the boil with a little bunch of thyme, parsley, and bay-leaf. Peel and shred the onion and put it to cook with a little of the fat—butter or margarine—with the lid on. Do this over a moderate heat, so that they are soft and cooked but without browning. Add salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg to the onion. Sprinkle with flour, stirring and cooking for two or three minutes. Pour the hot milk over, little by little, beating all the time. Do not be afraid if it becomes lumpy at first. After you have beaten in enough milk, letting all cook gently, the lumps of flour will have

completely disappeared and your sauce will be smooth and creamy. Finally, peel and slice the eggs, and put them in.

ROBIN ADAIR

AUSTRIAN CUCUMBER SALAD

To make an Austrian cucumber salad, you begin by slicing the cucumber very thinly. There is a cutter specially designed for this and similar jobs. It is called 'mandoline' and it slices cucumbers thinly in next to no time—the thickness of the slices can in fact be adjusted—and it is equally good for slicing other vegetables. A sharp knife will do just as well, but it will be a good bit slower.

After slicing the cucumber, sprinkle it with salt and leave it in a covered bowl or between two soup plates for at least half an hour. Use a good deal of salt; you need not be afraid that it will make the salad too salty—it merely helps to extract some of the water from the cucumber. After half an hour drain off all the moisture by putting the sliced cucumber in a clean cloth and squeezing it gently.

Rub a salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic, and into the salad bowl put three tablespoons of good olive oil and one tablespoon of red or white wine vinegar. Also add a little pepper and a tiny pinch of sugar. Dip a fork into some French mustard and then use this fork to whisk together the oil, vinegar, pepper, and sugar in the salad bowl. (The mustard which clings to the fork will be just the right quantity.) Whisk together the dressing well and then toss the

drained cucumber into it. Just before serving, dust over the top of the salad with a little paprika. You can add a sprinkling of chopped chives or of chopped dill.

GRETTEL BEER

Notes on Contributors

HUGH SETON-WATSON (page 959): Professor of Russian History, London University, since 1951; author of *The Pattern of Communist Revolution*, etc.

TAYA ZINKIN (page 961): a correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* who recently visited Nepal

MARGERY PERHAM, C.B.E. (page 964): Fellow in Imperial Government, Nuffield College, Oxford, since 1947; author of *The Government of Ethiopia*, *Native Administration in Nigeria*, etc.

PHILIP LEON (page 969): Professor of Classics, University College, Leicester

PETER SHEPHEARD (page 972): architect, town planner, and landscape architect; special lecturer on landscape architecture, Liverpool University; author of *Modern Gardens*, etc.

DONALD BOYD (page 975): Chief Assistant, Talks (Sound), B.B.C., until April 1955; formerly on editorial staff of *The Manchester Guardian*

GRAHAM HOUGH (page 976): lecturer in English, Cambridge University; author of *The Romantic Poets*, *The Last Romantics: Ruskin to Yeats*

Crossword No. 1,309.

Cook's Tour—III.

By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively.

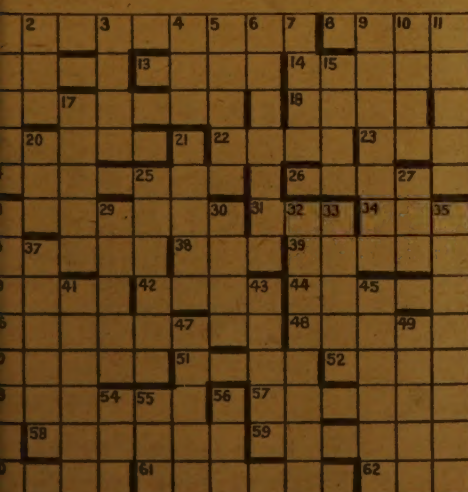
Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 9. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Each of the nineteen items of food or drink is clued, in clues, simply by the name of the region in which it is normally found. The unchecked letters of the diagram should be arranged as follows:

OO! GET ME TRYING CLAM AGAIN!

CLUES—ACROSS

Malaya (9)
Linen needing a form of treatment (4)
He looks back through the procedure yearly (4)
Gazelle makes a retreating figure miss the bus (4)
Eye, the first person to have a ruler (5)



NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

16. France (7)
18. The Scots pinch half-pounds at the week-end (4)
19. The final fixture of the home games (5)
22. A gold coin short of nothing is a gold coin (4)
23. Bring confusion to a tropical plant (3)
24. America (7)
26. Longing to curdle (5)
28. Holland (7)
31. Each is the same (3)
34. Abyssinia (3)
36. Once used to frighten an old companion (5)
38. George Gershwin's collaborator's lilting tune (3)
39. See 56 down (5)
40. The lazy old fellow's a bit of a devil on the river (4)
42. A quiz burlesque (4)
44. Brood about it, but make it gay (5)
46. Gaul is to produce a type of fungus (8)
48. A diving-bird would do slight damage to this fountain (5)
50. I am very ungrammatical and absolutely old-fashioned (5)
51. Excels, up north, in struggles (4)
52. Olga has broken the jug (4)
53. Mexico (6)
57. Russia (6)
58. Said by Milton to have dined and composed (6)
59. Japan (6)
60. Polynesia (4)
61. Australia (6)
62. The monkey's fishless journey (3)

DOWN

1. S. Africa (5)
2. Sounds like a light breeze in Scotland (3)
3. Drink made by drawing off batter from a coarse cloth (4)
4. Note—don't give London area a second ring (3)
5. What helps to make this hot bath hot? (4)
6. Use gray make-up, then look upwards to show a silvery skin-pigmentation (7)
7. E. Indies (4)
9. India (7)
10. Greece (4)
11. Lancer gives a frantic tug with end of javelin (5)
15. Exclusive uniform (4)
17. Old Ireland, where the goddess of Peace does a jig (5)
20. It's low here; take Uncle up (3)
21. Sound of jong or jymphony behind the Iron Curtain? (5)
25. Wriggle with questionable relish (6)
27. A hint on this point will make you recover (3)
28. Philippines (8)
29. The beggar sounds like a swindler (5)
30. Bound up tight (4)

Solution of No. 1,307

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
G	E	N	T	L	E	S	T	A	L	A
N	A	C	E	L	L	E	R	I	O	N
U	R	E	N	E	A	R	E	R	T	A
C	L	I	N	G	N	I	S	T	H	E
H	E	L	I	U	M	O	S	T	M	E
I	R	I	S	G	A	U	L	P	E	R
M	A	N	K	E	N	S	E	O	N	Y
E	T	G	U	I	D	O	N	H	E	R
T	O	E	D	S	A	L	A	M	P	A
A	S	C	O	T	T	Y	C	O	O	T
H	O	U	S	E	A	R	A	C	H	E
T	H	E	I	C	S	M	O	T	H	E

NOTES

The sign / indicates where the gap in each clue occurs.
Across: 1. the/ranger. 7. comic/. 11. i/re. 14. mot/ive. 15. end/the. 16. brow/got. 17. the/re. 18. l/o. 19. ten/. 20. play/Oman. 22. Ot/to. 25. r/aced. 28. gas/h. 30. bi/d. 32. jum/p. 33. She'/d. 34. hear/. 35. p/other. 36. lan/es. 37. fat/raw. 40. om/en. 41. Mar/y. 42. lam/a. 45. a/pes. 48. doves/. 50. g/rand. 51. h/er. 52. see/one. 53. hi/m.
Down: 1. Si/s. 2. Th/e. 3. Of/t. 4. an/d. 5. cha/t. 6. Let/he. 7. pretty/. 8. be/t. 9. c/ry. 10. garden/hose. 12. scar/ed. 13. shack/. 18. har/dest. 21. h/old. 23. an/. 24. Super/. 26. I'm/set. 27. I/and. 29. meet/. 30. char/. 31. wool/. 34. Be/to. 35. D/can. 38. Ren/ard. 39. ope/n. 43. A/lf. 44. at/ng. 45. al/as. 46. be/st. 47. man/. 48. p/ine. 49. bl/ed.

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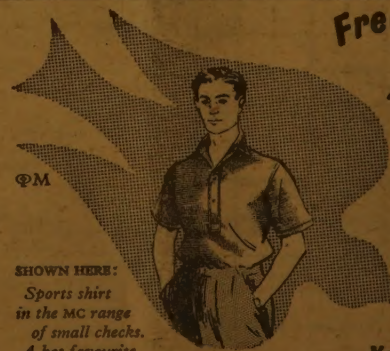
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